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Drawn by Stothard R.A.

Eng^d on Steel by W. E. Tucker.

"Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise"

SOCIAL HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
ADAPTED TO
PRIVATE AND PUBLIC WORSHIP,
SELECTED
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY ALEXANDER S. ROBERTSON,
Cumberland Presbyterian Minister.

"Sing unto the Lord a new Song."—Psalm cxlix.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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PREFACE.

It will be admitted by most Christians, that it is not only a duty, but also an invaluable privilege, to celebrate, with gratitude of heart, and joyful lips, the praises of the Lord; and that this employment best corresponds with the sublime exercises of the ransomed around the throne of God, which will be carried on to all eternity. The singing of hymns and spiritual songs is urged upon us by the apostle Paul, as a means of mutual admonition and instruction. Col. 3, 16.

Evangelical hymns are peculiarly suited to be the vehicle of Gospel truth to the young. It is a fact, that unlettered Christians retain more of the Gospel in the words of the spiritual songs which they are accustomed to sing, than in any other form. And children can, perhaps, be taught the truths of religion in this way more effectually than in any other.

Therefore an eminent divine has well remarked, that "in times of revival much effect is produced by the singing; and perhaps the character of the sentiments and feelings of young converts is as much moulded by these

songs of Zion, which at such seasons are so frequently sung, as by all the discourses which are heard from the pulpit." It is then obviously of high importance, that the hymns put in circulation should be of the right kind.

The Editor has consulted all the authors and collections to which he could gain access; and from not less than six thousand pages, has compiled the materials of this volume, (with the exception of a few hymns never before printed)—the main design of which is, to supply the many demands in our bounds with a choice collection of hymns and spiritual songs.

They are arranged under particular heads, and the page is made to agree with the number of each hymn, which will greatly facilitate the finding of any particular one, suited to any given subject.

He has only to add, that the welcome reception of the first induces him to publish a second edition, earnestly praying that it may subserve the purpose for which it was intended.

A. S. ROBERTSON.

Senecaville, Ohio, Jan. 30, 1839.

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SOCIAL HYMNS.

Attributes of God.

1. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sov'reign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed.
- 3 Then shone Almighty Power and Love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore!
But could we sing as angels do,
The theme demands still more.

2.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, enthroned on high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will the Lord now condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

3.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 WE sing the majesty of God,
Whose wisdom spread the heavens abroad;
To Him creation owes its birth;
His mighty arm sustains the earth.
- 2 The evening shade, the morning light,
The sun by day, and stars by night,
Unite their voices, to proclaim
The awful grandeur of his name.
- 3 He sees our griefs with pitying eyes;
His liberal hand our need supplies;
From Him full streams of mercy flow,
To cheer this gloomy vale below.

- 4 Thou God of grace and matchless power,
With reverence we thy name adore;
To thee our grateful songs we raise,
Though feeble are our notes of praise.

4. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
To thee, there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

5. HYMN. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 OH bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

6. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

7. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

8. HYMN. L. M. *Rowe.*

- 1 LORD, what is man, that he should prove
The object of thy boundless love?
Say, why should he so largely share
Thy favor, and thy tender care?
- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath,
Or till I close my eyes in death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love,
Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence
I'll place my only confidence:
In every danger and distress,
To thee will I my prayer address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost,
In thee I'll make my constant boast;
I'll spread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

9. HYMN. C. M. *Cooper.*

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

10. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things;
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord, who reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
- 4 Mortals, be dumb;—what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?

Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

11. GOD ALMIGHTY. L. M.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forest bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.
- 4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake:
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find:
The voice, that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

12. GOD IS LOVE. C. M.

- 1 AMID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round,
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, the transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love*!

13. UNITY OF GOD. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen
Their idol-deities dethrone; [lands,
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign as thou art, God alone.

14. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow,
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him Lord below!
- 2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, stor'd
With sweets for every sense;
And there, with his descending Lord,
He walked in confidence.
- 3 But, oh! by sin how quickly chang'd,
His honor forfeited,

His heart from God and truth estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread!

4 Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
Which was before his joy;
And thinks to hide, amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

5 Compell'd to answer to his name;
With stubbornness and pride,
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

6 But grace unask'd, his heart subdu'd
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt his power to save.

15. HYMN. C. M.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look,
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke,
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind,
How obstinate our will!

3 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

4 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

16. CORRUPT NATURE. C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

17. *Vision of dry bones.* L. M. Doddridge.

- 1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?—
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death:
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move—they waken—they rejoice.

18. EVIL OF SIN. L. M.

- 1 GOD, from his throne, with piercing eye,
Naked does every heart behold;
But seldom, till we come to die,
Will he to us the view unfold.
- 2 Should sin, in naked form appear,
Just as it rises in the heart,
And others know and see it there
In ev'ry feeling, every thought;
- 3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,
How envy and revenge would flame!
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name!
- 4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell;
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.
- 5 Unveil'd and naked ev'ry heart
Before the judgment seat must stand,
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.
- 6 The fiery lake must hotter grow
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;

Each bosom like a furnace glow,
Nor God the rage or fire control.

19. HYMN. L M.

Watts.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told,
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heaven,
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd;
Able to make us wise and bless'd,
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye people all, who read his love,
In long epistles from above,
Proclaim abroad his sacred word
In every land, praise ye the Lord.

20. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears
I fly to thee my Lord:
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 'The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:

- That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

21. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal,
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express,
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce,
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of numerous years.
- My soul, no more attempt to draw,
Thy life and comfort from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

22.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy goodness shines:
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till *Christ* has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great sun of righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

23.

HYMN. C. M.

Rippon

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

24.

HYMN. 7s.

Watts.

- 1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to teach me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove:
Mine, to show a Saviour's love:
Mine art thou to guide my feet:
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

25.

HYMN. C. M.

Steelc.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

26. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near?
- 2 Dost thou a father's pity feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak,
To sooth their sad complaints?
- 3 Why droop our hearts? Why flow our eyes
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?
- 4 To all thine other favors add
A heart to trust thy word;

And death itself, shall hear us sing,
While resting on the Lord.

27. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways,
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor,
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

28. CRUCIFIXION. L. M.

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Grief, condemned for you!

The Lamb of God, for sinners slain—
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

- 2 Behold his temples crowned with thorn!
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 3 O Thou dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.
- 4 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd when her Creator died;
Oh let our inmost nature shake,
And bow to Thee, Thou Crucified!

29.

HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme,
The myst'ries that we speak,
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name,
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, and fear, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

30. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour-king,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen joined their voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold,
Their Saviour and their God.

31. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While power and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

32.

HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and flood, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

33. HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in the ever rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshine the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name on harps of gold.

34. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 OUR God! how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face;

He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

35. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

36. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 JESUS! with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,

- Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Biessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood:
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

37. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace:
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

38. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God!
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood!
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find,
The holy, just and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

39. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 CHRIST is the way to heavenly bliss,
And Christ, the only door:
My soul, pursue no way but this,
For this alone is sure.
- 2 'Tis through this door, and this alone,
That thou art led to God;
Rest, then, on what thy Lord has done,
And plead his precious blood.
- 3 This door will lead thee safe to heaven,
And give thee entrance in;
And God will own thy sins forgiven,
However vile they've been.

40. HYMN. S. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man:
And all the steps that grace displays
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While passing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone;
And well deserves the praise.

41. HYMN. L. M. *Swain.*

1 WHY should the saints be fill'd with dread
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
Heav'n can't be full, which holds the head,
Till ev'ry member's present there.

2 In heav'n the head—the members here—
Ten thousand thousand yet but one!
So far asunder, yet so near!
Some yet unborn; some round the throne.

3 How bright eternal wisdom shines,
When it displays eternal love;
Instructing by these dazzling lines,
The earth beneath, and heaven above!

42. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross,

Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

43. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine,
How white the garments are.
The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three;

In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

44. HYMN. S. M.

Watts

- 1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord,
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

45. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 LOVERS of pleasures more than God;
For you he suffered pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood,
And shall he bleed in vain?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
Your basest crimes he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven:

Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin 's forgiven.

1 Believe in him who died for thee,
And sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

46. HYMN. C. M.

1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud!

2 In thy good Spirit, Lord, come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art,
But let me rather prove,
That name inspoken to my heart,
That favorite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits the sinner best.

47. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;

- If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And look and wish for breaking day;
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the Redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

48. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 MY Saviour, my Almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

49. HYMN. L. M. *Gibbon.*

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime,
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honor shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardor glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd:
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

50. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

51. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a father's name.

- 2 My Father, God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal thy name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
And *Abba*, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

52. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

53. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for all these things,
But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

54. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]
- 3 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 6 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

55.

HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;

And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
'The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

56. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

1 FAR from my thoughts vain world begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love,
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee, thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

57. *Young Persons entreated.* C. M.

- 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear.
- 6 We pray that you may early prove,
The spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

58. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 LORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

59.

HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.
- 2 Oh send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

60. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God, my love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Life and Character of Christ.61. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs,
Come, render to Almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying man,
The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.

62. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord,
Behold the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their curs'd design.

- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honors of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O! for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

63. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of Hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay:—
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
“Ye everlasting doors give way!”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene:
He claims those mansions as his right:
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay:

“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
“Ye everlasting doors give way!”

- 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord of boundless power possest:
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest!

64. HYMN. C. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 “I take these little lambs,” said he,
“And lay them in my breast:
“Protection they shall find in me,
“In me be ever blest.
- 4 “Death may the bands of life unloose,
“But can't dissolve my love!
“Millions of infant souls compose
“The family above.
- 5 “Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
“And mould with heav'nly skill:
“I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
“And hands to do my will.”
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be forever thine.

65. *Grace in revealing Christ.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To men unlearned; and to babes
"Has made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise;
"While pride and carnal reas'ning join
"To swell and blind their eyes."

66. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odors spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
 They find their all in thee;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity.

67. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky!
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given:
 It scatters all their guilty fear,
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace!
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would sinners all embrace.
- 4 O that my Jesus' heavenly charms,
 Might every bosom move!
 Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
 Of everlasting love.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
 His loving truth proclaim;
 'Tis all my business here below,
 To cry "Behold the Lamb!"

68. HYMN. L. M. *Fawcett.*

- 1 BEHOLD the sin atoning Lamb,
 With wonder, gratitude, and love;
 To take away our guilt and shame,
 See him descending from above.

- 2 Our sin and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Mourners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessing give;
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and wo.

69. HYMN. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from *Immanuel's* veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

70. *Chief among Ten Thousand.* C. M.

- 1 TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When He's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of his face;
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace;
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

71. HYMN. C. M. *Coombs.*

- 1 IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies:

- My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

72. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Th' Almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode!
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God!
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more!
- 5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

73. HYMN. L. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters,
The condescending Saviour bears!
All human virtues, all divine,
In him unite, with splendor shine.
- 2 The corner-stone on which we build,
The balm by which our souls are healed,
The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.
- 3 He is our Rock, and our Defence,
Nor earth, nor hell, can force us thence;
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.
- 4 He is the burden'd sinner's Rest,
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest:
To him, as our exalted King,
We homage pay, our offering bring.
- 5 He is our Captain and our Guide,
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness;
- 6 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too;
The Sun for light and guidance given,
The Door which opens into heaven.
- 7 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqueror he, the Judge of men,
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

74. HYMN. 8s & 7s. *Robertson.*

- 1 COME thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child—and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

75. HYMN. S. M. *Newton.*

- 1 PREPARE a thankful song,
To the Redeemer's name;
Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame!
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endured:
That sinners of the deepest dye
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Stretched on the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side,
Wash guilt and sin away.

- 4 Pleading for us, he stands
Before the Father's throne;
And answers all the law's demands,
With what himself hath done.
- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.
- 6 Assured that Christ our King,
Will put our foes to flight;
We, on the field of battle, sing,
And triumph while we fight.

Holy Spirit Entreated.

76. HYMN. S. M.

Hart.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our mind,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

77. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above,
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O! for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O! what amazing joys they feel,
While on their golden harps they sing;
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their king!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing and love?

78. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

79.

HYMN. L M.

Watts.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace,
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lust subdue
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;

Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

80. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

81. HYMN. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:

- It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

82.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the disciples all were met:
Whilst on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,
And power to kill, and power to save,
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 These weapons of thy holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 5 Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,

A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

83. *The Spirit stayed.* L. M. C. Wesley.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight:
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 Yet oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand!
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

84. INVOCATION. S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter Divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—
- 2 Thou—who with “still small voice”
Dost stop the sinner's way,

And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou—whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou—who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter!—to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

85. *His influences.* L. M. *Steele.*

- 1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires.
- 4 What less than thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

- 6 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

86. *Aid of the Spirit.* C. M.

- 1 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise:
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

87. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:
- 2 Send down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

88. *To the blessed Spirit.* P. M.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
LOVING SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, oh! hear our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend:
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O thou GLORY, shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more;
HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly DOVE,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Penitential.89. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

90. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;

- Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

91. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

92. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

93. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long suspended blow!

- 2 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

94. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

95. HYMN. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 THY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways!
Teach us their tendency to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been,
A maze of foolishness and sin!
With all the light we vainly boast,
Leaving our Guide, our souls are lost.
- 3 Had not thy mercy been our aid,
So fatally our feet had strayed,
Stern Justice had us prisoners led
Down to the chambers of the dead.
- 4 O turn us back to thee again,
Or we shall search our ways in vain!
Shine, and the path of life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's hill.
- 5 Roll on, ye swift revolving years,
And end this round of sins and cares;
No more a wanderer would I roam,
But near my Father fix my home.

96. PENITENT. C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies!
And upwards, to the mercy seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not Justice frown me hence!
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

97. *Indwelling Sin Lamented.* C. M.

- 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands,
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?

When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

98. *Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do, I hate!
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!
- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn;
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;
I grieve, because I cannot grieve;
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Where shall so great a sinner run?
I see I'm ruin'd and undone!
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast
Can make this rocky heart to melt; [spilt,
Thy blood can make me clean within;
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood
I now approach to thee, my God:
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jesus has died to wash me clean.

99. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
With all my guilt opprest?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn:

The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And oh, what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimprov'd them all!

4 How long, how often have I heard
Of Jesus, and of heav'n;
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For thou this flinty heart canst break;
And thine shall be the praise.

100.

Contrite Heart.

C. M.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r:
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break—
And heal it, if it be.

101. *Slain and Reviving.* C. M.

- 1 SMOTE by the law, I'm justly slain;
Great God, behold my case;
Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.
- 2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul;
Thy justice, all in flames,
Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.
- 3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel;
I fear, but don't relent—
Perhaps of endless death the seal:
Oh, that I did repent!
- 4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows, are vile,
My duties black with guilt:
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Though Jesus' blood was spilt?
- 5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an opening hell;
But lo, what glory strikes my sight!
Such glory who can tell?
- 6 Enwapt in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God:

Swell, swell the note—oh, tell his grace,
Sound his high praise abroad!

102. *Confession and Repentance.* L. M.

- 1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry;
O leave me, leave me not to die!
- 2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 3 For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance, smile, and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

103. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From Sorrow's weeping eye;
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,

Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

- 5 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Desires and Longings.

104. HYMN. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,

So pure a light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

105. HYMN. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.
- 5 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

106. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see,
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;

Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

107. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

- 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' Eternal All.
- 6 There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie:
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

108.

HYMN. L. M.

Hart.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The sea can roar, the mountains shake—
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;

Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

109. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee! whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days,
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me!

110. HYMN. L. M. *Beddome,*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need:

The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.

4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

111. HYMN. C. M.

Steele.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

112. HYMN. S. M.

1 O COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of power, within,

- And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin!
- 2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

113. HYMN. C. M.

Steele.

- 1 JESUS! in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.
- 3 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
For miseries and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
For vile rebellious foes?

- 4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the force of hell
In that tremendous hour?
- 5 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take this heart, this worthless heart,
And make it only thine!

114. *Servant of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

115. HYMN. L. M. *Swain.*

- 1 THINK, O my soul, what must it be
A world of glorious minds to see!
Drink at the fountain-head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss!
- 2 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song!
- 3 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear;
And I, without a veil, shall see
The Man, the God, that bled for me?
- 4 If in my soul such joy abounds,
While weeping faith explores his wounds,
How glorious will those scars appear,
When perfect bliss forbids a tear!
- 5 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on the throne!

Resurrection.

116. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In *Israel* stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 5 The Gentile nations are the Lord's;
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords,

117. HYMN. L. M. Watts.

- 1 HE dies—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

- 6 Say, 'Live for ever, wond'rous King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'
And 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

118. HYMN. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monster spilt.
- 3 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose, to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 4 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.
- 5 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne:
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And owns us in his Son.

119. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;

- Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode:
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise:
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

120. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene .
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme:
 'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
 'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 He dies and suffers as a man,
 He rises as a God.

Faith.

121. HYMN. L. M. *Steele.*

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fixed on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 Since Jesus is forever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

122. HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

123. HYMN. C. M.

Beddom.

- 1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress:
When storms arise, and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall:
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

- 4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly:
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

124. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye:
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.
- 2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.
- 3 With strong persuasion, from afar,
The heavenly region it surveys;
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.
- 4 By faith a steady course we steer
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.
- 5 By faith we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

125. HYMN. C. M. *Robertson.*

- 1 IMMANUEL, I confess how great
My guilt and crimes have been!
To thee I would them all relate,
And turn aside from sin.

- 2 Assist me while I venture near,
And in thy presence bow,
Or from my sins I'll ne'er be clear!
O Lord, assist me now.
- 3 Thy righteousness in faith I claim,
Through love in mercy sent,
That to the honor of thy name
My days may all be spent.
- 4 So when the fight of faith is fought,
And I from earth remove,
Receive the soul thy Son hath bought,
And crown it with thy love.

126.

HYMN. S. M.

Robertson

- 1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare!
The victory by my Saviour wrought,
I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd,
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."
- 4 The apostles of my Lord,
To whom I first was given,
Could never speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Sincerity.127. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 2 There, joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. [spring,

128. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 Wandering in sin our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

- 4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.
- 5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

129.

HYMN. L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me
through;
Thine eyes command, with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My soul, my flesh, and all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

130. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.
- 2 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine,
And never, never more depart,
For thou art wholly mine.
- 3 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.
- 4 Through boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day
In the embraces of my Friend,
Who took my guilt away.
- 5 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While angels and archangels gaze
On scenes for ever new.

131. HYMN. L. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away:
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.

- 3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and sooth'd my grief,
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

132. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find!
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would (but thou must give the power)
My heart from every sin release;

Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

133. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken this mortal frame.
- 4 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

Salvation.

134. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm to every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

135. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die!
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Long since he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy!
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

136. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;

- Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

137. HYMN. L. M. *Noel.*

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience, so complete, [heaven;
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God:
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

138. HYMN. C. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 They come, they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

139. HYMN. L. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 SHOUT! for the great Redeemer reigns;
Through distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive:
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glory show.

- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above!
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

140. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of Truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

Invitations and Promises.

141. HYMN. C. M. *Swain.*

- 1 COME, let our hearts and voices join
To praise the Saviour's name,
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutable the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace
To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all—
Himself he gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains:
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

142. HYMN. C. M. *Rayland.*

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend!
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee:

I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

- 5 O that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

143. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms!
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

144. HYMN. L. M. *Hoskins.*

- 1 PRIS'NERS of sin and Satan too,
The Saviour calls, he calls for you;
Ye, who have sold yourselves for nought,
Shall have your liberty unbought.
- 2 He came to set the captive free,
He came to publish liberty,
To bind the broken-hearted up,
And give despairing sinners hope.
- 3 Pris'ners of hope, why will you die?
Why from the only refuge fly?
Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
Invites the guilty and the poor.
- 4 He came to comfort all that mourn;
He sweetly says to sinners, 'Turn!
Pris'ners of hope, his voice attend,
Nor slight the calls of such a Friend.
- 5 The great Redeemer lived and died;
The Prince of life was crucified;
He shed his own most precious blood
To purchase captive souls to God.
- 6 To this redeeming God be given
Immortal praise by earth and heaven!
Pris'ners of hope, the Saviour bless,
And every hour his love confess.

145. HYMN. S. M. *Newton.*

- 1 HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have, to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give:
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

146. HYMN. C. M. *Medley.*

- 1 O! WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here:
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your ev'ry burden bring; [wounds,
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace:
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

147. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are!
Sunk and distress'd, they taste, and know
Their heaven is only there.
- 2 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will,
Just as you are; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.
- 3 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls;
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore!

148. HYMN. S. M.

Dobell.

- 1 NOW is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day!
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

149. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
[Immortal fountain! full supplies!]
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

150. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above!
His heart is made of tenderness,
His feelings melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure;
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
He did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

151.

HYMN. L. M.

Steele.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distress,
Come and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;

We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

152. HYMN. L. M. *Thwaite,*

- 1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou cov'nant Angel, swift come down;
To-day, thine own appointments crown;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool;
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole;
Oh! let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

153. HYMN. S. M. *Watts,*

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
"Mercy and Justice are the names
By which I will be known,
- 2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,

Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace."

- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength are found
In thee, the Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n:
God can pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

154. HYMN. S. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
Waited that blessed day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then,
How sov'reign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

155. HYMN. L. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd, your souls by faith divine
An everlasting life shall live.

156. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 OPPREST with fear, opprest with grief,
To God I breathed my cry;
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my tearful eye.
- 2 His mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave:
O! may his praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

- 3 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs!
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 4 And let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honors high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.
- 5 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue;
O! be thy goodness and thy praise,
My everlasting song.

Perseverance.

157.

HYMN. C. M.

Toplady.

- 1 AWAKE, sweet Gratitude, and sing
The ascending Saviour's love;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above!
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that came to God by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim:
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am.

- 5 "By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endur'd!
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."
- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
To ev'ry saint is given;
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

158. HYMN S. M.

Watts.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

159. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Israel rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thy eternal guard.
- 4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

160. HYMN. S. M.

Kent.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well, when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well, when joys arise;
'Tis well, when sorrows flow;
'Tis well, when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 ['Tis well, when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.]
- 5 'Tis well, when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray;

'Tis well, when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

161. HYMN. L. M. *Newton.*

- 1 WHY, O my soul, these anxious cares?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears?
How canst thou want, if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 2 When first before his mercy seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave the warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

162. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 IF, Lord, in thy fair book of life,
My worthless name doth stand,
And in my heart the law is writ
By thine unerring hand;
- 2 If I'm secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies;
- 3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise:

But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To show forth half thy praise.

- 4 [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.]

163. HYMN. C. M. *Newton.*

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence—
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame
And triumph'd once for you,
So surely you, that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

164. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 WHO is the trembling sinner? who
That owns eternal death his due?

Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

- 2 Peace, troubled soul; dismiss thy fear;
Hear—Jesus speaks—be of good cheer,
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die!
- 3 No blasted trees, or failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes:
'Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the same;
Then let me triumph in his name!

165. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.
- 2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence; [voice
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

166. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's dear ones condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;

- And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!
- 3 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there!
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that has lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conq'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour!
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove, [love.
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our

167. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 IN one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints, combine;
Loud let it sound from every tongue,
The Saviour is divine.
- 2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.
- 3 That hand which heav'n and earth sustains,
And bars the gates of hell,
And rivets Satan down in chains,
Shall guard his children well.

- 4 Now let the infernal lion roar;
 How vain his threats appear!
 When he can match Jehovah's power,
 I will begin to fear.

Family Worship.

168. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days:
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

169. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 How wond'rous is that mighty power
 Which form'd us with a word!
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
 We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room:
 We wake, and we admire the bed,
 That was not made our tomb.

170-171 FAMILY WORSHIP.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For Death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lays safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

170. HYMN. C. M.

1 MY heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

2 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray!
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

3 O happy state! divine abode!
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heav'nly plains.

4 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

171. HYMN. C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father, how divine,
How bright thy beauties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

- 2 But in thy nobler work of grace,
What brighter mercy smiles
In our benign Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles!
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.
- 4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The dear memorials of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But oh, how sweet our song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet our eyes
In one eternal day!

172.

Fear of God.

C. M.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast,

173-174 FAMILY WORSHIP.

And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

- 5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

173. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

174. HYMN. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;

From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still, sustain'd.

- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

175. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

- 5 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

176. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God, are in thy hand;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine;
 Before they were possess'd by me,
 They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
 Though the whole world were gone;
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its stores?
 'Tis but a bitter sweet:
 When I attempt to pluck the rose,
 A piercing thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
 The honey's mix'd with gall:
 'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
 Be thou my all in all.

177. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 MY God was with me all the night,
 And gave me sweet repose;
 His angels watch'd me while I slept,
 Or I had never rose.

- 2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In pressing dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

178. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee!
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

179-180 FAMILY WORSHIP.

179. *Morning, emblematic of eternal day.* L. M.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be!
My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
 Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then, thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the raptures of the skies.

180. *A Morning Song.* C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 My tongue shall speak his praise!
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun;
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 5 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

181. *Morning.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd,
 Had clos'd our weary eyes,
 A power unseen secur'd our rest,
 And made us joyful rise.
- 2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
 Their long eternal doom,
 And lost the joys of morning light
 In death's tremendous gloom.
- 3 But life to us its light prolongs;
 Let warmest thanks arise:
 Great God, accept our morning songs,
 Our willing sacrifice.

182. HYMN. 7s.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
 Now the morning light is come;
 Lord, may I be thine to-day?
 Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound;
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
O receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

183.

Evening.

L. M.

- 1 LORD, as the evening shades arise
And chase the twilight from the skies,
Thy wond'rous bounty may we find,
And share it with a grateful mind.
- 2 O! make our weary members blest
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
And in the hours of darkness spread
Thy guardian arms around our head.
- 3 Upon our knees as here we bow,
Light of the world, Redeemer, now
Fill all our breasts, lest deadly sin
Should cause a darker night within.
- 4 If thoughts on Thee our souls employ,
E'en darkness will afford us joy,
Till Thou shalt call, and we shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

184. *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER, by saints on earth ador'd,
By saints beyond the skies,
Accept, through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 If kept to-day from wilful sin,
We magnify thy grace:
Thou hast our kind Preserver been,
And thine be all the praise.
- 3 We live to testify the grace
Which sure salvation brings;
And sink to-night in thine embrace,
And rest beneath thy wings.
- 4 But whether, Lord, we wake or sleep,
(The charge of Love divine,)
We trust thy Providence to keep
Our souls for ever thine.

185. *God, the Provider.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER of love! from age to age,
The wonders of thy grace
The heart and lips of saints engage
In cheerful songs to praise.
- 2 Creatures, in various trains, to thee
Raise the dependent eye;
Thy stores of goodness, rich and free,
Their various wants supply.
- 3 But oh, the treasures of thy love,
To man's apostate race,
Are boundless myst'ries, far above
Both man's and angel's praise!

- 4 Jesus, in whom all fulness dwells,
Through endless years the same,
To ev'ry hung'ring soul reveals
The glories of his name.
- 5 Thousands in this dark world below,
His faithfulness attest;
In worlds above, ten thousand know
That humble souls are blest.

186. *Evening Hymn.* C. M.

- 1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;
Awake, our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score,
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more!

187. *Evening.* C. M.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

188. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace!
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

189-190 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

Public Worship.

189. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

190. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy feet.

- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here, our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high,
And prayer brings back a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 If Satan rage and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the Gospel armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience pain'd with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

191. *Desiring to praise.* C. M.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, fill my soul
With my Redeemer's praise:
To thee, my God, my friend, my all,
My cheerful voice I'll raise.
- 2 My heart would joy in thee, my Lord,
My tongue thy grace declare;
And psalms and hymns, and sacred songs,
My day and night should share.
- 3 But ah! my lips in vain do strive
Thy goodness to recount;

Language can ne'er set forth thy love,
Nor to thy riches mount.

4 Accept then, Lord, my weak desires
To bless and praise thy Name;
And may my life in stronger words
Set forth my ardent aim.

5 To thee I look, to thee I cry;
O hear my suppliant voice!
Fill me with love, with patience, hope,
And humbly I'll rejoice.

192. HYMN. S. M. *Stennett.*

1 HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
All humbled souls present;
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts,
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

193. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
 That calm'd his frowning face:
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turned the wrath to grace.
- 3 Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord;
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double flaming sword.
- 4 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
 Are open night and day!
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And sing ourselves away.
- 5 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high!
 And glory to th' Almighty King,
 That lays his fury by.

194. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee:
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cling to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

195.

HYMN. S. M.

Beddome.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

196. *Jesus' blood softens the heart.* C. M.

- 1 IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone?
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jesus' blood alone.
One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul:
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole!
- 2 Hark, O my soul! what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark, the slain Lamb, for evermore,
Sounds in the sweetest tone!
The elders there cast down their crowns;
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to Him who shed his blood,
And washed their guilt away.
- 3 And this, while here, we will proclaim,
(Cheerful in our degree,)
That, through the blood of God's dear Son,
Each soul may happy be.
But thou, O Lord, make ev'ry day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

197. *Rich man and Lazarus.* L. M.

- 1 IN what confusion earth appears!
God's dearest children bathed in tears,
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

- 2 But patient let my soul attend,
And ere I censure, view the end;
That end, how diff'rent! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple shine!
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the scorching of his pain;
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow!
On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, let me appear
The meanest of thy servants here,
So that at length I may but taste
The blessings of thy marriage feast.

198. *The Passion of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 COME, let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he expired in shame and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laugh'd in scorn:
"He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 O hardened people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power!
- 4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;

By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.

- 5 But, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made his death a blessing prove!
Though once upon the cross he bled,
Immortal honors crown his head.

199. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

200. HYMN. S. M. *Newton.*

- 1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face:

Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood;
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sov'reign love make known,
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

201. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heav'nly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heav'nly song.

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

202. HYMN. L. M. *Hoskins,*

- 1 GREAT Light of life, thou nature's Lord,
Bring light from darkness by thy word;
Shine in our hearts, in mercy shine,
To give the light of truth divine.
- 2 Light of our souls, thyself reveal,
Thy power and presence let us feel,
And know and see the wond'rous things
Conceal'd from prophets, priests and kings.
- 3 In the dear face of Christ, our God,
His righteousness, and pard'ning blood,
May we behold our All in All,
And on his name for ever call.
- 4 There, thy perfections shine most bright;
May we behold them with delight,
And see how justice, truth and grace,
Unite, and smile in Jesus' face.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Open our long benighted eyes;
Shine, Jesus, shine from day to day,
Till all that's dark be done away.

203. HYMN. S. M. *Doddridge,*

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal:
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

204. HYMN. C. M. *Newton,*

- 1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
That never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

205. HYMN. L. M. *Cruttenden.*

- 1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free,
And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From thee, to regions of despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought—to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign!
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek—nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the long list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;

And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
I'll be the first who perished there!

206. HYMN. S. M. *Hammond.*

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

207. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Come, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Dear Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

6 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day!
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

208. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

1 NOW, while the Gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own!
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

2 May this be a much favored hour
To souls in Satan's bondage led:
O! clothe thy word with sov'reign power
To break the rocks, and raise the dead!

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restored,
And all thy saints in praises join.

4 [O! hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still will raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.]

209. HYMN. S. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee!
- 3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

210. HYMN. C. M. *Upton.*

- 1 LORD, we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise
For grace so full and free.
- 2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom,
And shines with lustre there;
Thy power can bring a jailor home,
With trembling hope and fear.
- 3 Our works are all the works of sin,
Our nature quite depraved:
Jesus alone can make us clean:
By grace are sinners saved.
- 4 "Believe, believe," the Gospel cries,
"This is the living way!"
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.

- 5 Come sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
 To wash you in his blood;
 To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
 And bring you home to God.

211. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy
 throne,
 And send thy various blessings down:
 While by thine Israel thou art sought,
 Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 And fill the coldest hearts with love;
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 And let thy godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
 Shall floods of pious sorrows rise,
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 Oh, let a holy flock await
 Num'rous around thy temple gate,
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to thee!
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

212. HYMN. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
“You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there.”

213. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 YE glitt’ring toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine:
A *real* prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, (unworthy of my cares,)
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus—to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!

Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would resign them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let my graces shine.

214. *Prayer for success of Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high!
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn Jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great Sabbath day;
Assert the glories of thy Name;
Spoil Satan of his captive prey.
- 3 O bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign!
And when they speak of sprinkled blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

215. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! Eternal Lord!
Thy gracious power make known;

- Touch, by the virtue of thy Word,
And melt the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 3 Let us receive the Word we hear,
Each in an honest heart,
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 4 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

216.

After Sermon.

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in ev'ry heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

217. *Love to the Church.* S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice, or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

218. *Sinai and Calvary.* C. M.

- 1 HARK! how from Sinai's mount proceeds
The trumpet's awful blast!
While yet the heart with anguish bleeds,
And sinks in wo at last.
- 2 Behold, the sinner's fearless soul,
Which love could ne'er arrest,
With trembling hears the thunder roll,
And death approaching fast.
- 3 But lo! what sounds of heav'nly peace
Amid the storm I hear,
When howling winds a moment cease,
And love succeeds to fear!

- 4 Now, on the hill of Calvary,
Where Jesus once was slain,
Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy,
There all unbroken reign.
- 5 Whene'er the tempest's vengeful voice,
And guilt, my soul appal,
I then in Jesus will rejoice,
And mercy's gentle call.
- 6 And when by care or wo opprest,
Or storms of sorrow fall,
I'll flee to him and find a rest,
Enjoy in him my all.

219. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 SHOW me the souls to doubt exposed,
To such this question is proposed:
"Ask," saith the Lord—"and let me know
What I shall now on thee bestow.
- 2 "Say what thy wants, and what thy woes!
Dost thou in me thy trust repose?
Art thou my friend sincerely true?
Speak, for thy springs of thought I view.
- 3 "Art thou to seriousness inclin'd?
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy mind:
Dost thou want love to Jesus' name?
Ask, and his matchless love proclaim.
- 4 "Dost thou want peace and pardon seal'd?
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd:
Dost thou want faith and holy fear?
Ask, and behold the blessings near.
- 5 "Dost thou want strength 'gainst sin to fight?
Ask, and I'll make thee strong in might:

Dost thou want light and life divine?
Ask, and eternal life is thine.

- 6 "Wilt thou be made completely whole?
Ask, and I'll renovate thy soul;
This instant ask, arise and pray,
Nor lose such blessings by delay."

220. HYMN. S. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 OH, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

221. *Coronation.* C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call,
The God incarnate! man divine!
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all!

222. *Intercession.* L. M.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our ears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart!
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads, and must prevail.

223. *Efficacious Grace.* C. M.

- 1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Come, with majestic sway,
Down from thy glorious throne on high,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
When all the chosen race

Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conq'ring grace,

- 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favored band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
As round the throne we stand.

224. HYMN. L. M. *J. Steward.*

- 1 AH! wretched souls are they who hear
With scorn the sound of Gospel grace;
For sorrow walks along with sin,
Although they keep not equal pace.
- 2 How blindly sinners grasp their chains,
And yet of freedom vainly boast!
They look for happiness and peace,
Nor think by sin their peace is lost.
- 3 Approaching vice is deck'd in charms,
And smiles with promises of gain:
No sooner past, its joys are fled,
And all its pleasures changed to pain.
- 4 Sinners may for a time rejoice,
Till storms of threatened wrath arise,
Till Justice grasp th' avenging sword,
And then the wretch, the sinner, dies.

225. *Grace reigning.* C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues
To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
The subject of our songs.
- 2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;

And from the work it once begins,
It never more departs.

- 3 'Twas grace that called our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us through the worst;
And lead us safely home.

226. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give;
And we, for grace received, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.
- 2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be!
To the full fountain of our joys
We gladly come for fresh supplies.
- 3 For this we wait upon thee, Lord;
For this we listen to thy word:
Descend, like gentle showers of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

227. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire!
And hark, what piercing shrieks!
These daring rebels now expire;
For God in justice speaks.
- 2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late,
Too late for God to hear.
- 3 The day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,

- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
 If yet thou wilt despise,
 Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
 Will fill thee with surprise.

231. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 REPENT! the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay!
 The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess:
 Accept the offered Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar;
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days!
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

232. HYMN. L. M. *Perry.*

- 1 SINNERS, rejoice, 'tis Christ that died;
 Behold, his blood flows from his side,
 To wash your soul, and raise you high,
 To dwell with God above the sky.

- 2 'Tis Christ that died—O love divine!
Here mercy, truth, and justice, shine!
God reconciled, and sinners bought
With Jesus' blood—how sweet the thought!
- 3 'Tis Christ that died—a truth indeed,
On which my faith would ever feed;
Nor let the works that I perform
Be named, to swell a haughty worm.
- 4 'Tis Christ that died—'tis Christ was slain,
To save my soul from endless pain:
'Tis Christ that died, shall be my theme
While I have breath to praise his name.

233. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never hear in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

234. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent! thy end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
O think before thou die!
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah, destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb!
- 5 To-day, the Gospel calls—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you!
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

235. HYMN. L. M. *Fawcett.*

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove;
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

- 3 To us the sacred word apply
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

236. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 AND shall we still be slaves,
And in our fetters lie,
When summoned by a voice divine
To assert our liberty?
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed,
Our freedom to obtain;
That we should trample on his blood,
And glory in our chain?
- 3 Alas, the sordid mind,
How all its powers are broke!
Proud of a tyrant's haughty sway,
And practiced to the yoke!
- 4 Divine Redeemer, here
Thy sov'reign power impart,
And let thy gen'rous spirit wake
True ardor in our heart.
- 5 Then shall the sons of death;
That in the dungeon lie,
Spring to the throne of pard'ning grace,
And Abba, Father, cry.

237. HYMN. C. M. *Perry.*

- 1 LET earth and seas, with all the skies,
In grateful songs conspire,
Since Christ the Lord for sinners dies,
To pluck them from the fire.
- 2 Satan accuses all the saints,
And roars as lions' do;
But Jesus hears their long complaints,
And says, "I died for you."
- 3 'Tis Christ that plucks our souls as brands
From everlasting pain,
And safely keeps us in his hands,
Till death shall be our gain.
- 4 In filthy garments we were drest,
To purity estranged;
Nor did we differ from the rest,
"Till grace the heart had changed."
- 5 O may our souls with rapture think,
While with our tongues we tell,
How Jesus plucked us from the brink
Of misery and hell!
- 6 Victorious grace, and boundless love,
To God alone belong:
Praise him below, praise him above,
In every tuneful song.

238. HYMN. L. M. *Fawcett.*

- 1 WITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries:
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I lived at ease, nor feared to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years,
Before thy pure discerning eye!
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet Mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemned to die!"

239. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins!
I feel, alas, that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways—
O dread impending doom!

But sure, a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

240. HYMN. C. M. *Newton,*

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled!
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

241. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song,
 To every land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
 And fill the world with sounding praise.

242. HYMN. S. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true;
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.

- 2 Come then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

243. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine,
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright his glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!

Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

- 6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

244. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HOW blest are they whose feet have found
The way into Immanuel's ground!
And steadfast walk the blissful road,
Far from the paths by sinners trod!
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly, on Jesus' breast:
They so much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful souls to love.
- 3 His Spirit shows their sins forgiven,
And seals them to be heirs of heaven,
And gives them patience here to wait
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 4 He arms them for the evil day,
That they in heart with him may stay;
He girds them with his mighty power,
And brings them through the trying hour.
- 5 Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,
E'en Jesus Christ, the living Word;
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
Till it breaks out in endless day.

245. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Truth, the Way,
My sure unerring Light,

On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor, thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Teach me the happy art,
On thee for to depend:
O never, never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end!

246. HYMN. C. M.

Tate.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distress,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

247. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 EARTH has engrossed my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits—
The God—how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

248. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 BELIEVER, lift thy drooping head;
Thy Saviour has the vict'ry gained;
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtained.

- 2 God from the grave has raised his Son;
Death and the powers of hell are spoiled!
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconciled.
- 3 Lo, the Redeemer leaves the tomb!
Behold "Salvation's Captain" rise!
His mighty arms their strength resume,
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.
- 4 Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give to his name the glory due;
O let his love your hearts constrain
To live to him who died for you!
- 5 Earth's empty toys no more esteem;
Your minds from worldly thoughts re-
Let your affections rise with him, [move;
And set your hearts on things above.

249.

HYMN. S. M.

Newton.

- 1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
Through Christ, the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too straight.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend:

They say, "So many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end!"

5 O hear the Saviour's word—
"Strive for the heavenly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late!"

6 Obey the Gospel call,
And enter while you may:
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

250. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour, promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire:
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

251-252 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

251. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile upon thy beauteous face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,
And long, or weep—in all we do—
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of our Love,
Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, yet rather come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face!
'Tis best to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

252. HYMN. S. M. *Watts,*

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes!
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas Mercy filled the throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die!
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

253. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore:
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the wand'ring in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou knowest to prize
What thou hast bought so dear!

Come then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear.

- 4 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands they all (stretch'd out) may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

254.

Religion.

L. M.

- 1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom-bliss in vain!
The world's a wilderness of wo,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,
- 4 Till mild Religion, from above,
Descends—a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.
- 5 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

255. *The righteous and the wicked.* S. M.

- 1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners' ways;
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

256. *The Soul.* C. M.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found;

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife!
Hell moves beneath to work its death;
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

257. *To obtain Mercy.*

S. M.

- 1 MY gracious, loving Lord,
To thee what shall I say?
Well may I tremble at thy word,
And scarce presume to pray.
- 2 Ten thousand wants have I!
Alas, I all things want!
But thou hast bid me always cry,
And never, never faint.
- 3 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,
Fear e'en to ask thy grace,
So oft have I, alas, drawn near,
And mocked thee to thy face!
- 4 With all pollution stained,
Thy hallowed courts I trod;

Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call thee God!

5 Nigh with my lips I drew,
My lips were all unclean!
Thee with my heart I never knew,
My heart was full of sin.

6 Far from the living Lord,
Far, far from God and heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorred,
Nor looked to be forgiven.

258. *Let the wicked forsake, &c.* C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell—
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal wo.

259. HYMN. C. M.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, give ear,
God offers friendship still;

- Yet may'st thou in his favor share,
His fatherly good will.
- 2 He bids thee to his sceptre bend,
And fling thine arms away;
Bids thee in Christ become his friend,
And *hear his voice to-day!*
- 3 Whence is't, my soul, that thou should'st
Unwilling to be blest? [be
Get up—for thy salvation flee—
This is no time for rest!
- 4 Vengeance hangs o'er my guilty head,
The flaming sword is drawn;
In law I am already dead,
And doomed to woes unknown.
- 5 And shall I trifle on the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Still loiter, till at once I sink
To pains and fires below?
- 6 Now hearken to the call divine,
And shun this hov'ring fate;
To-morrow may be never mine,
Or it may come too late.

260. *Wonderful Love.* L. M.

- 1 COME, let me love—or is my mind
Hardened to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Jesus bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.
- 2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

- 3 I was a traitor doomed to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assumed my guilt and took my chains!
- 4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love; and dies!
- 5 Did Pity ever stoop so low,
Dressed in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring Lord?

261. HYMN. C. M. *Williams:*

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar!
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

262. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 SINNER, awake to think
On what may be thy doom!
Awake and tremble, ere you sink
Below the silent tomb.
- 2 Sure there is nought on earth,
Has half the Saviour's charms;
And wilt thou then, with scornful mirth,
Repel him from thy arms?
- 3 See how he interposed
Between the curse and thee!
What wond'rous words of grace composed,
To set thy spirit free!
- 4 How bitter was his pain,
What heart can e'er conceive?
And wilt thou see him die in vain,
And not his mercy crave?
- 5 How stupid and depraved
Must be that wretched soul,
That still refuses to be saved,
And yield to his control!
- 6 Where can ye hope to dwell,
When from this world ye go?
Ye *choose* the road that leads to hell,
And everlasting wo!

263. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich—for I am poor.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest;
And lo, for thee I ever mourn!
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
'Till thou, my only rest, return.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now—I thirst for God—
See the poor fainting sinner, see.
- 4 Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
Glory divine is risen on thee."
- 6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay.

264. HYMN. C. M. *Cowper.*

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour—
O sinners, come away!
The Saviour's knocking at your door;
Arise without delay.

- 2 O! don't refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw!
He'll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face?
- 4 O! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye!
- 5 The dead awaked must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraigned at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

265. *Son equal with the Father.* L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?
- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,

Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing;
And all the nations own their Lord.

266. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise:
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

267. *Imploring Mercy.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love:
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove!
- 3 Without thy grace I sink, oppress,
Down to the gates of hell:
O give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel!
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
To join thy saints above,

I'll shout, that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

268. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 O SUN of Righteousness divine,
On us with beams of mercy shine!
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 While mourning o'er our guilt and shame,
And asking mercy in thy name,
Dear Saviour, cleanse us with thy blood,
And be our advocate with God.
- 3 Sustain, when sinking in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness;
Teach our low thoughts from earth to rise,
And lead us onward to the skies.

269. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound—
(And through the num'rous, guilty throng,
Spread black despair around)—
- 3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame;
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished shrink away?

270. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 DISPEL thy fears, desponding man,
Nor doubt the God of grace;
Though evils threaten all around,
Some smiles are on his face.
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And have its dark foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace;
Behold, a dying Saviour's veins,
The sacred flood increase.
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound!
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults—
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts!

271. HYMN. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,

- Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice;
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man:
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be!
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee!

272. *Christ's peaceful kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT God! whom heaven, and earth,
and sea,
With all their countless hosts, obey—
Upheld by Thee, the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command.
- 2 Beneath thy long expected ire
Let every Antichrist expire—
Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
Till every nation bows to Thee.

- 3 Then show thyself the Prince of Peace,
 Command the din of war to cease;
 With sacred love the world inspire,
 And burn its chariots in the fire.
- 4 In sunder break each warlike spear;
 Let all, the Saviour's ensigns wear;
 The Universal Sabbath prove,
 The utmost rest of Christian Love.
- 5 The world shall then no discord know,
 But hand in hand to Canaan go;
 Jesus, the peaceful King, adore,
 And learn the art of war no more.

273. *Triumph of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to our conq'ring King!
 All hail, incarnate Love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above!
- 2 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,
 Through the wide world shall run;
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs Thou hast won.

274. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice!
 Behold the promised hour!
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
 Are precious in our eyes;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,
 With blessings in his hand;
 He hears the dying prisoners groan,
 And sees their sighs ascend.
- 4 He frees the souls condemned to death;
 And when his saints complain,
 It shan't be said that "praying breath
 Was ever spent in vain."
- 5 This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record,
 That ages yet unborn may read,
 And trust and praise the Lord.

275. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! bless the word
 Which, through thy grace, we now have
 heard:
 O may the precious seed take root,
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
 Thus in thy court to seek thy face:
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
 May all at length in heaven appear.

276. HYMN. S. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song:
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
 No fierce destroyer there!

- 3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Son of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his Name,
Who marks the shining way!
To Him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day.

277.

HYMN. C. M.

Rippon.

- 1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb, be glory given:
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo, we
Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues, like them, inspired,
Like their's our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.
- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

278. HYMN. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
To fix on Christ, the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die!
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

279. HYMN. S. M. *Watts.*

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine!
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul,
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace:

- 4 For life, without thy love,
 No relish can afford:
 No joy can be compared with this;
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live:
 Not the rich dainties of a feast,
 Such food or pleasure give.

280.

A Voyage.

L. M.

- 1 THE Christian navigates a sea
 Where various forms of death appear:
 Nor skill, alas! nor power has he,
 Aright his dang'rous course to steer.
- 2 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock
 Beneath the surface of the wave!
 He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
 For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 3 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
 He seems forsaken and alone;
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 4 His destined land he sometimes sees,
 And thinks his toils will soon be o'er;
 Expects some favorable breeze
 Will waft him quickly to the shore;
- 5 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
 And he enjoys the sight no more;
 Nor does he now believe it true,
 That he had even seen the shore.
- 6 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port for which he's bound;

For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
And safety is where he is found.

281. *Gospel Invitation.* S. M.

- 1 LET every ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:
- 2 Ho! all ye starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind—
- 3 Here Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine:
- 6 The gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day!
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

282. *Inexhaustible Grace.* C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH'S Grace, how full, how free!
His language how divine!

“My Son, thou ever art with me,
And all I have is thine.

2 “My saints shall each a portion share,
That’s worthy of a God;
They are my chief, my constant care,
The purchase of my blood.

3 “Both grace and glory I will give,
And nothing good deny;
With me my saints shall ever live,
And reign with me on high.

4 “And should a hundred thousand more,
Accept the proffered grace,
I have a heaven prepared—for all—
Nor shall you have the less.”

5 Then, dearest Lord, let millions come
And feast on pard’ning grace;
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
And we will shout thy praise.

283. HYMN. C. M.

1 OUR journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget the troubles of the ways,
That reach to Zion’s hill.

2 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome travellers home.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.

- 4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.
- 5 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through!
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

284.

Anxious.

C. M.

- 1 **THERE** is a voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come
And trust upon the Lord."
- 2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord—
O help my unbelief!
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his apostate crew.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

285. *Prospects of Faith.* L. M.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day:
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 While God's own word reveals the way,
- 2 There shall the favorites of the Lord
 With never-fading lustre shine!
 Surprising honor! vast reward!
 Conferred on man by Love divine.
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road!
 Happy the men, whom heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to God;
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves;
 And that blest righteousness display,
 Which Jesus taught, and God approves.
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light;
 But these shall know no change, nor shade,
 For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
 O may our spirits daily rise!
 And reach at last the shining choir,
 In the bright mansions of the skies!

286. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies!
 He looks on all the joys of time
 With undesiring eyes.

- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear, in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay,
And sees, on Time's extended wings,
How swift they flee away.
- 4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view;—his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 5 His hopes are fixed on joys to come!
Those blissful scenes on high!
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

287. *Christ's Intercession.* S. M.

- 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down!
If Justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves!
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing;

Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

288. *Converted Thief.* C. M. Stennett.

- 1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed:
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood!
- 4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph shalt thou rise,
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.
- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the vict'ries of thy death
Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
"To-day, thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise!"

289. *Happy in God's salvation.* L. M.

- 1 INDULGENT God, to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise;

- Grateful I bow before thy throne.
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord, from thee,
Perpetual glide, to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse,
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo!
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so!
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there,
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flowed the river down to me.
- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,
Sent with such love, so soon to close.

290.

In Darkness.

C. M.

- 1 "REJOICE in God," the word commands;
And fain would I obey;
Yet still my spirit ling'ring stands,
While doubts impede my way.
- 2 How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin?
And how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within?

- 3 If falling tears and rising sighs,
In triumph share a part,
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart.
- 4 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings;
And guilt shuts out my joys.
- 5 The power, the sweetness of thy voice,
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

291. HYMN. C. M. *Newton*

- 1 ANXIOUS, I strove to find the way
Which to salvation led;
I listened long—I tried to pray—
And heard what many said.
- 2 When some, of joys and comforts told,
I feared that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart relieved,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believed,
And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talked,
Of anguish and dismay;
Through what distresses they had walked
Before they found the way.
- 5 Ah, then I thought my hopes were vain;
For I had lived at ease!

- I wished for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish—the Lord disclosed
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul exposed
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Again my Saviour brought me aid;
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

292. *Thirst for God.* L. M.

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see!
So thirsts, great Source of life, for Thee.
- 2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,
To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires:
When shall I reach thy blest abode?
When meet the presence of my God?
- 3 God of my strength, attend my cry;
Say why, my great Preserver, why
Excluded from thy sight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe?
- 4 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest?
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy steadfast hope repose.
- 5 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,
My sure defence, my constant aid:
His name my zeal shall ever raise,
And dictate to my lips his praise.

293. *Brotherly Love.*

S. M.

- 1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all, whose hearts unite
In bonds of piety!
- 2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While praise devout, and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

294. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor!

- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die,
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever blest.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your wretched race,
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,
And bear eternal pain?
Or, in the glorious realms of light,
With me for ever reign?
- 6 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or, will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

295. "*Behold, I stand at the door.*" L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, a stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Hath waited long, is waiting still—
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need—

The friend of sinners! Yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary!

4 Rise—touched with gratitude divine—
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return!
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand!

296. HYMN. C. M. *Barbault.*

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil!
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4 We drive our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

297. HYMN. L. M. *Kelly.*

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldly mind,

But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here:"
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come!"

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

298. *Time is short.* C. M.

1 THE time is short! the season near!
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! Sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 The time is short! Ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! Ye saints, rejoice;
The Lord will quickly come;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies!
 The hour is just at hand
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wished-for land.
- 6 The time is short! the moment near!
 When we shall dwell above!
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love!

299. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
 From Calvary it sounds abroad;
 It soothes my soul and calms my fear;
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
 And rather choose in sin to die,
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?
- 3 Alas, for those! the day is near
 When mercy will be heard no more!
 Then will they ask in vain to hear
 The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appeared;
 But now I know how great their loss;
 For sweeter sounds were never heard,
 Than mercy utters from the cross.

300. *Joy of Conversion.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work!" my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine:
"Great is the work!" my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

301. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives, by angels now adored;
That Jesus, who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony!
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause:
The way he's gone is marked with blood!
O may I tread the steps he trod!
- 3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear
With those who his disciples are:
Christian—sweet name—its worth I view;
O may I wear its nature too!
- 4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things as dross:

- Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
If Christ command, I will obey.
- 5 I'm not ashamed to be despised
By those who ne'er religion prized;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that man can say or do.
- 6 This world's vain honors I will shun;
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me!

302. *Christ's Humiliation.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign [died;
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss!
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 4 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

303. *The Scoffer.* C. M.

- 1 ALL ye who laugh and sport with death,
And say there is no hell,
The gasp of your expiring breath
Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigor springs afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!
- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
With flames upon your tongues,
When you exchanged your souls away
For vanity and songs.

304. *Social Dedication.* L. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
On thy redeeming name we call!
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all!
- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands:
O take our hearts! our hearts are thine!
Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of our day.

- 4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare!
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

305. *Love, the chief of graces.* L. M.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell—
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
 To feed the bowels of the poor—
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name—
- 4 If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain!
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

306. *The inhabitant of Zion.* C. M.

- 1 WHAT man shall be a welcome guest
 Within thy courts, O God?
 Who on the hill, by thee possest,
 Shall fix his blest abode?
- 2 'Tis he whose acts are fair and just,
 As well as his pretence;
 Whose words one may securely trust,
 They speak his real sense.

- 3 Who never, with mischievous spite,
Will wound his neighbor's fame;
Nor with reproaches take delight
To blot another's name.
- 4 Who honors all who fear the Lord,
But treats the vile with scorn;
To his own damage keeps his word,
Nor once will be forsworn.
- 5 Whoever thus shall persevere,
God's favor will insure;
May welcome to his house repair,
And there remain secure.

307.

Parting.

C. M.

- 1 **THROUGH** Christ, when we together
In singleness of heart, [came
We met, O Jesus, in thy name!
And in thy name we part!
- 2 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We happily go on.
- 3 Present in spirit still we are,
And intimately nigh;
While, on the wings of faith and prayer,
We "Abba, Father!" cry.
- 4 O may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels still
Direct, and be our constant Guard,
To Zion's holy hill.
- 5 O what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades!

308-309 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

- 6 Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home!
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jesus, quickly come!

308. HYMN. S. M. *Robertson.*

- 1 SURE this is heaven to me,
And all thy saints that's here;
Then let my song ascend the throne,
For my dear Lord is there.
- 2 Rejoice, my soul, in God,
And tell what he hath done,
Nor in dead silence lie:
Thy sins are ever gone.
- 3 A flood of light divine
Is shed upon me now:
At thy command, Almighty God,
May every creature bow.

309. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu;
Your glories I despise;
Your friendship-I no more pursue;
Your flatteries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.
- 3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea,

Without my God, I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

- 4 Then let my soul rise far above;
By faith I'll take my wing
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 5 There's love and joy that will not waste;
There's treasures that endure;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

310. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God;
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

311. HYMN. S. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:

O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
That I with thee may ever stay,
And in my Saviour die.

312. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend!
- 3 'Tis done—the precious ransom's paid!
“Receive my soul!” he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious claim,
And in full glory shine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

313. HYMN. L. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing!

Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven!
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm, will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love; for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate, to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry!
Ah, who against thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough!

314. HYMN. S. M.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
Glory, honor, and praise receive,
For thy unchanging love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high;
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace!

- 4 Thy grace to sinners shown,
The heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

315. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease!
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf—his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

316. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree!
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

317. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—(O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains:
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

318.

HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God,
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

319. HYMN. C. M. *Cennick.*

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy, to us speak!
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

320. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

321.

HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 STRAIGHT is the way, the door is
That leads to joys on high; [straight,
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed;
Passions suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules:
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

322. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 SAVIOUR Divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust!
Thou art the Lord our righteousness;
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty, we plead before thy throne;
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 Of thousand sins, one out of ten
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear!
- 4 That spotless robe which He hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found!
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given!
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven!

323. HYMN L. M. *Higinbotham.*

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus! when thy cross I view,
That mystery to th' angelic host,
I gaze with grief and rapture too.
And all my soul's in wonder lost!
- 2 What strange compassion filled thy breast,
That brought thee from thy throne on
To woes that cannot be exprest! [high,
To be despised, to groan, and die'

- 3 Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?
- 4 For man didst thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon th' accursed tree!
And didst thou taste of death, to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me!
- 5 Had I a voice to praise thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead—
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid!

324. HYMN. C. M. *Newton.*

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But Grace has set me free!
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord!
- 3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed!
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart:
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;

But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

- 6 Yes—though of sinners I'm the worst—
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

325. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 RISE, rise. my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.
- 4 While, like a tide, our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *Now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When all creation dies.

326. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 MAKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfilled,
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath raised him from the dead,
Hath owned him for his Son.

327. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

328. *Hardness of heart.* C. M.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne;
And every grace lies buried deep
Beneath this heart of stone!
- 3 When smiling Mercy courts my soul
With all its heavenly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 4 Against the thunders of thy word,
Rebellious I have stood;

My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God!

- 5 Dear Saviour, steep this heart of mine
In thine own crimson sea;
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away!

329. *Hatred of Sin.* L. M.

- 1 HOLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The pris'ner, sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh, no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head!
One view of *Jesus as he is*,
Will strike all sin for ever dead!

330. *The Leper healed.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own described I feel:

- Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.
- 2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceased!
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increased!
- 3 While thus I lay distressed, I saw
The Saviour passing by;
To him, though filled with shame and awe,
I raised my mournful cry:
- 4 "Lord, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt;
Oh, pity to me shew!
Oh, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!"
- 5 He heard, and with a gracious look
Pronounced the healing word,
"I will;—be clean!" And while he spoke,
I felt my health restored.
- 6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He can relieve, for he is power;
He will, for he is love!

331.

Humility.

L. M.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of
clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O! why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;

- The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubts perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain, of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span!
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind;
In modest worth O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

332.

Fruits of Love.

C. M.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If Love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And save us by his blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There, faith and hope are known no more;
But saints for ever love.

333.

Privileges.

L. M.

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven,
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky!
- 3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 5 If I've the honor, Lord, to be
One of this num'rous family,
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee Abba, Father, too.
- 6 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love!

Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness on my face.

334. *A pure conscience.* C. M.

- 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And Faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings;
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day,
When Christ his promise shall fulfil,
And call his soul away.

335. *Religion.* S. M.

- 1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade—
- 2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;

And every fear shall lose its rage,
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When Reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid—
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief!

336. *Sanctification.* C. M. Watts.

1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of an avenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sins;
Eternal Justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wond'rous purple stream,
That cleanses every stain!
Our souls are yet but half redeemed,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

337-338 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly—for we hate you all.

337. *Law and Gospel.* L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,
And Calvary, speak gentler things.
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchased by our redeeming God!
- 3 Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips,) *Forgive!*
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"
- 4 Go, ye that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by!

338. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine!
Now may the glory of thy face
Upon our darkness shine!

- 2 Light, in thy light, oh may we see!
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love!
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let each happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
His Father reconciled!
- 4 On us the blessing now bestow;
The joy of sins forgiven,
Sweet peace and holiness below,
And then, the joys of heaven!

339. HYMN. L. M. *Burnham.*

- 1 HOW good, how glorious 'tis to see,
The church of Jesus kind and free!
Appearing like a new-born race,
Proving the power of sov'reign grace!
- 2 How does the Saviour's love cement
Brother to brother, saint to saint!
Each feels the other's care and grief,
And runs to give a kind relief.
- 3 In paths of peace they sweetly move,
And traverse o'er the fields of love;
Kindly they help each other on,
And press towards the heavenly throne.
- 4 Now, Lord, may we, thy favored train,
Ever in purest love remain;
May discord evermore subside,
And we appear like Jesus' bride.
- 5 May we in peace be ever found,
And grace in every heart abound;

Soon may we mount the heights above,
And live in all the blaze of love.

- 6 Then will we sing with all our might,
Through the refulgent courts of light;
Highest hosannas shall we raise,
And spend eternity in praise.

340. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to Nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

341. HYMN. C. M. *Fawcett,*

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 More needful THIS, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne!
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

342. HYMN. L. M. *Watts,*

- 1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

- 2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light;
Or plunge to hell—there Justice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the Western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 6 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee!
Not death can hide what God will spy;
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 7 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

343. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays—

When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

- 6 "Come back—this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

349. HYMN. C. M. *Watts,*

- 1 AS children young desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive,
So saints with joy the Gospel taste,
And by the Gospel live.
- 2 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.
- 3 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!
- 4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.
- 5 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

350. HYMN. L. M. *Robertson,*

- 1 IN this thy house, O Lord, to-day,
We've met to preach, and sing, and pray:

Come, Holy Ghost, before we part,
With love divine fill every heart.

2 Thy word with mighty power attend;
And unto all instruction send,
That onward still our souls may fly,
Until they rest above the sky.

3 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
We'll shout with all the ransomed throng;
Our journeys through the heavens extend,
And sing the song that ne'er shall end.

351. HYMN. S. M. *Watts.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise:
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And our's above the sky.

352. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

353. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 THERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit;
For they are holy, just and true.

- 3 There is a Gospel, rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
How many, younger much than I,
Have passed by death to hear their doom?
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled!
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

354.

HYMN. S. M.

Robertson.

- 1 MY soul's delight on earth
Is pure religion known!
Possessed of this, I fear no ill;
For Christ is all my own.
- 2 When darkness clouds my soul,
And makes me to complain,
'Tis pure religion bears me up,
And Christ returns again.
- 3 To guide each doubtful step,
My Lord is still at hand:
Pure religion, my faults shall hide,
And near my heart doth stand.
- 4 Throughout my stay on earth,
This happy song I'll sing:
Pure religion! O blessed theme!
Let heaven the echo ring.

355. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle's wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.
- 3 One family—we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given;
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Sabbath.356. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;

- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace!
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race!
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

357.

HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

358. HYMN. L. M. *Harrison.*

- 1 AWAKE, my heart! my soul, arise!
This is the day believers prize!
Improve this Sabbath then with care;
Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought! Lord, give me power
Wisely to fill up every hour:
O for the wings of faith and love,
To bear my heart and soul above!
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship thee within the veil;
To glorify thy matchless grace;
To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command thy word to fall like dew,
Refreshing, quick'ning all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of thy love:
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast!

359. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there:
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

360. HYMN. C. M. *Cennick.*

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee—all serene—
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day,
Without a veil between?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 [Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4 Spare me, my God; O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee!

Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

- 5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my Guide and Friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end!

361. HYMN. L. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies!
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

362. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend

Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

363. HYMN. L. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above!
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent love and strong desire.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of wo and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

364. HYMN. C. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 THIS is the day that God bath made;
Let young and old rejoice!
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place!

With meekness let us hear his word,
With rev'rence seek his face.

- 3 This is the homage he requires:
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves, and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, thro' Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release:
According to their faith 'tis done:
He bids them go in peace.

365. HYMN. S. M. *Hoskins.*

- 1 TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead!
He conquered our tremendous foes,
And Satan captive led.
- 2 He left his glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings for ever on his name,
He bought us with his blood.
- 3 For us his life he paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On him our loads of guilt were laid,
We by his stripes are healed.
- 4 Ye saints, adore his name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make his praises known.

366. *Hearing the Word.* C. M.

- 1 ZION'S fair courts are my abode,
In which my God appears;
There he his promises fulfils:
Each saint his favor shares.
- 2 My God, I greatly love thy word,
'The record of thy will;
My heart dilates with holy joy,
When I its influence feel.
- 3 Its precepts guide, its threat'nings awe,
Its promises delight;
It is my counsellor by day,
My comfort in the night.
- 4 My spirit for the Sabbath pants,
'That day of sacred rest,
To be divinely taught of thee,
And with thy presence blest.
- 5 Come then, O condescend to come!
And, as it was of old,
Let me approach the mercy-seat,
The covering cloud behold.

Baptism.

367. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize!"
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.

- 3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins!"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the Gospel means.
- 4 Our souls He washes in his blood—
 As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our covenant with the Lord:
O may the great eternal Three,
 In heaven, our solemn vows record!

368. HYMN. C. M. *Fawcett.*

- 1 BEHOLD, what matchless tender love,
 Doth Christ to babes display!
He bids each parent bring them near,
 Nor turns the least away.
- 2 The parents' hearts with transport filled,
 Bring their young children near,
That they his blessing may partake,
 And in his favor share.
- 3 See how he takes them in his arms,
 With smiles upon his face;
And says his kingdom is of such,
 By free and sov'reign grace.
- 4 "Forbid them not," whom Jesus calls,
 Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare,
 Heaven will of such consist.
- 5 With flowing tears and thankful hearts
 We give them up to thee;

369-370-371 BAPTISM.

Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

369. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood:
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join,
To seal this soul a child of God.

370. HYMN. C. M. *Beddome.*

- 1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God! to thee we pray.
- 2 Awake, our love; awake, our hope;
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 3 Instruct our mind, our will subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

371. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
And on the water brood;
Come, with thy quick'ning power apply
The water and the blood.

2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figure still.

3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our request renew;
Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
The work we have to do.

372. *Practical improvement.* C. M.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, by his Father's side, he sits
Enthroned, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Saviour still,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

373. HYMN. P. M. *Robertson.*

1 "REPENT, and be baptized,"
Says your redeeming Lord:
You all are now apprised,
That 'tis your Saviour's word.
Arise, arise without delay,
And his divine command obey.

- 2 You sin-convicted race,
Now fall at Jesus' feet;
He'll save you through his grace;
Come, to his will submit,
And be baptized without delay;
O come!—he says this is the way.
- 3 Come, you believing train,
No more the truth withstand,
No longer think it vain,
'To honor God's command.
But haste, arise—"This is the way;"
O come and wash—Christ says you may.
- 4 Jesus, thou Prince of Peace,
To thy great name we pray!
May converts to thy grace,
This ordinance obey;
And may thy love their souls assure,
That peace and pardon is secure.

374. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained of thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,
In these for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 6 O that the souls baptized herein,
May now thy truth and mercy feel,
May rise and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

Lord's Supper.

375. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes!
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and break;
What love through all his actions ran,
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine,
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And Justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

376. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
His dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come,
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And Grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready—come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

377. HYMN. C. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood, the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.
- 4 The bitter torments he endured
Upon the accursed tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

378. HYMN. L. M. *Watts.*

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.

379. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
Our peace is made with heaven!
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiven!
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin!
Remember this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garments clad;
Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord,
And every heart be glad.
- 4 The Father gives the Son,
The Son, his flesh and blood;
The Spirit applies, and Faith puts on,
The righteousness of God.

380. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest!

- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love!
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come!
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

381. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing is the sight, to see
So many churches thus agree,
And sit around the Saviour's board,
As members of one common Lord!
- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss,
Here we behold the Saviour's grace,
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- 3 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord, in every land;
For all are one in Christ our Head,
To whom be endless honors paid.
- 4 Let party spirit, seed of hell,
No more in Christian bosoms dwell;

But love and union, by his blood,
Prove them the chosen heirs of God.

382. HYMN. S. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.
- 2 The way thou hast enjoined,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.
- 3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardoned sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

383. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below,
With all the life of God.
- 4 Determined nothing else to know,
But Jesus crucified,

I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

384. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 INFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspire his death,
And used the Roman sword.
- 2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pulled the vengeance
Upon his guiltless head! [down
Break, break, my heart—Oh burst, mine
And let my sorrows bleed. [eyes!
- 6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo.

385. *Glorious Gospel.* C. M.

- 1 WHAT wisdom, majesty and grace,
Through all the Gospel shine!

'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes,
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners owed,
Upon the cross he pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne;
Mingles his merit with our tears,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace;
And on thy faithfulness and power,
Our firm dependence place.

386. *A Sacramental hymn.* C. M.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place;

2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

- 4 "Eat, O my friends!" the Saviour cries:
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."
- 5 With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had—
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like our's!

387. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]
- 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great!

Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

388. HYMN. C. M. *Wesley.*

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me He died, for me!"
- 3 These sacred signs, thy sufferings, Lord,
To our remembrance bring:
We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.
- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!"

For Fast Day.

389. HYMN. C. M. *Rippon.*

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While Mercy cries, "Forbear!"
- 4 What land so favored of the skies,
As these apostate States?
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Yet still thy vengeance waits!
- 5 How changed, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

390. *For a Fast Day.* C. M.

- 1 THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage:
Oh! to be hid within the ark,
And sheltered from its rage!
- 2 See the commissioned angel frown;
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.
- 3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope:
Who knows but Mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?
- 4 Already is the plague begun;
And, fired with hostile rage,
Brethren (by blood and interest one)
With brethren now engage.
- 5 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne;

With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

- 6 The humble souls who fast and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

Pastoral.

391. HYMN. C. M. *Doddridge.*

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands—
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls—for which, the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures or in wo!
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

392. *God entreated for Zion.* L. M.

- 1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?

- While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raise?
Till thine own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round!
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 4 Lord, let the Gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 5 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our Friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

393. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior-pastors rise,
To feed our souls and cheer our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart,
Whose courage, watchfulness and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.
- 4 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

394. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 "GO, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
He shall be damned that don't believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go, heal the sick—go, raise the dead—
Go, cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
- 4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode!
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God!

395. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show,
That ye're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

396. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word!
- 2 Go into every nation—go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there!

- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent—the call obey—
Open your hearts to make him room!
Ye desert souls, prepare his way!
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain!
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

397.

HYMN. S. M.

Wesley.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view:
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure Gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.
- 5 O let them spread thy name!
Their mission fully prove,

Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

398. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.
- 2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.
- 3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.
- 4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and
To cultivate Immanuel's lands. [pains,
- 5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.
- 6 The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above;
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

399. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;

- Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love,
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove;
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

400. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures or its praise?
- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame!
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.
- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed—I can do all through thee.

401. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conq'ring name I sing.
- 2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.
- 3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word
In the appointed hour:
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.
- 4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown:
On all the strangers to thy blood,
With pitying love look down.
- 5 O let me have thy presence still!
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace.
- 6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word!

Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord.

402. *The Pastor's wish.* L. M.

- 1 MY brethren, from my heart beloved,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the Gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.
- 3 Glory in his dear honored name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchased by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 4 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not your's, but you:
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

403. *Minister's Farewell.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day;
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wiped their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy,
Secure, no more to part,
Where praises every tongue employ,
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace,
Their children, soon shall meet,

- Together see their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Though oft and plainly warned,
Will tremble when they meet again
The ministers they scorned.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any perish here!
The preachers, who have told you all,
Shall stand approved and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,
Is not their utmost view:
O hear their prayer, thy message own,
And save their hearers too!

The Christian.

404. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hope to heaven.
- 2 'Though in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels his chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,

His soul (in raptures) shall ascend
To everlasting day.

405. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

406. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O LET me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's word, his Spirit, and his grace,
Do all to duty lead.
- 2 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss,
To save from sin and hell?

A love so wonderful as this,
Calls for a glowing zeal.

- 3 Those who to Christ for refuge flee,
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, should be
Both trusted and obeyed.

407. HYMN. L. M. *Stennett.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood;
By ties both natural and divine,
I am and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah, should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me,
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord;
Grace in the needful hour afford;
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears;
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honors of the Christian name.

408. HYMN. L. M. *Dobell.*

- 1 WHILE here on earth I'm called to stay,
I'll praise my God from day to day:

Jesus hath washed away my sin,
And made my soul complete in him.

2 When I am brought before his throne,
I'll sing the wonders he hath done;
And join, with all the ransomed race,
To praise the riches of his grace.

3 Through all eternity I'll view
My Jesus, and admire him too:
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,
And grace, free grace, be all my song.

409. HYMN. C. M.

1 DEAR Refuge of the weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal:
Thy word affords a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign Grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No!—still the ear of Jesus Christ
Attends the mourner's prayer!
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble trust attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

410. HYMN. C. M. *Steele.*

- 1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven oh let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid!
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail,
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

411. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon the Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.

412. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 O MIGHT I once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies,
 What little things these worlds would be,
 How despicable to my eyes!
- 2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
 Vanish as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
 While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 4 Great All in All, eternal King,
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

413. HYMN. L. M. *Brewer.*

- 1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war:
 "Awake—the powers of hell are near!
 To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry;
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die."
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around;
 Make haste to gird my armor on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.

- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust,
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

414. *Evening twilight.* C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray

Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

415. *My soul thirsteth for God.* L. M.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as I once did,
The vain delights of earth to share:
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Nor yields him meaner fruit than I.

416. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 THIS world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

- Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 3 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath!
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 4 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

Missionary.

417. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 LORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,
And see, on heathen altars slain,
Poor helpless babes, for sacrifice,
To purge their parents' dismal stain;
- 2 We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent prayer;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy Gospel there.
- 3 For them we pray, for them we wait,
To them thy great salvation show:
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
But faithful laborers are few.
- 4 Oh send out preachers, gracious Lord,
Among that dark, bewildered race;
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.
- 5 Then shall they shout thy honored name,
And sound thy matchless name abroad;

And we will join them in the theme,
Salvation to our risen God.

418. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy Gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind!
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 When shall th' untutored heathen tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?
- 5 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

419. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 Go, spread the Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace

To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

3 We wish you in his name
The most divine success,
Assured that He who sends you forth,
Will your endeavors bless.

4 [When you from us depart,
To cross the boist'rous main,
We then will bear you on our hearts,
And hope to meet again.]

420. HYMN. C. M.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death?
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path?

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And, armed with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains:
Before Messiah's conq'ring car,
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that even your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

421. HYMN. 7s & 6s.

Hebér.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain:
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

422. *Missionary Associations.* L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand!
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth, for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin, o'er fields of blood,
Till all mankind shall be subdued.
- 4 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise,
Our counsels aid, and oh impart
The single eye, the faithful heart!
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirit home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
'To spread the spacious earth around.

423. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 O THOU who, from thy glorious throne,
Hast sent thy servants to proclaim
Salvation to a world undone,
And sound thro' all the earth thy name,
- 2 Succeed their efforts, who invite
The wand'ring, wretched outcasts home;
And let thy sov'reign Spirit's might
Compel the heathen world to come.

- 3 From Afric's burning, arid sands,
And Asia's mild, resplendent sky,
Let converts, from the heathen lands,
As doves unto their windows fly.
- 4 With Europe may they join to bless
The Saviour's name, his praise prolong;
And islands of the Southern seas
Join with America the song.

Time and Eternity.

424.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
'Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

425. HYMN. L. M.

Steele.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity—tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But oh, if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God!
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain.
(The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!)
My fears, O gracious God, remove!
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart!
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

426. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY! stupendous theme!
Compared herewith, our life's a dream!
Eternity! O awful sound! [ed!"]
"A deep where all our thoughts are drown-

- 2 Yes, an eternity there is
Of dreadful wo, of joyful bliss!
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone—but where? ah, stop and
Gone to a long eternity! [see;
- 4 And is eternity so near?
And must we very soon be there?
Sinner, ah whither wilt thou flee,
Or how avoid eternity?
- 5 Canst thou for ever bear to dwell
In all the fiery depths of hell?
And is death nothing then to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

427. HYMN. S. M. *Stonington*

- 1 NOW we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss!
- 2 There, rapturous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,
Be drowned in endless light.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness,
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace!
- 4 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,

In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.

- 5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

428. HYMN. L. M. *Blendon.*

- 1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw:
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams, are borne
On to the everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go!
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour!
That Time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

429. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;

- A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.
- 2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth:
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.
- 3 'Twixt that long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity!
- 4 Time past, and time to come, are not;
Time present is our only lot!
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine!

Death.

430.

HYMN. L. M.

Watts

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

431. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh!

432. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;

And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clapsed in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

433. HYMN. C. M.

1 DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God!
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

4 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come, Death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

434. HYMN. S. M.

1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?

- And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love!
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

435. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 DO flesh and nature dread to die,
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?
Yet Grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 What!—shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the end so near?
Afraid to have our labors done,
And finish this important war?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

- 4 There shall we see Him face to face,
There shall we know the great Unknown
And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
Shines in full light amidst the throne!
- 5 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn, with downcast eyes;
And sin defile our souls no more.
- 6 O for a visit from my God,
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day!

436. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 MY Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go;
With cheerfulness I bid farewell
To every thing below.
- 2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you,
Though nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say adieu.
- 3 My friends and kindred love me much,
Ye hold me near your heart;
And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.
- 4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,
And love I also feel;
I see your tender passions move,
Your grief you can't conceal.
- 5 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home!

I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

6 [Farewell, thou world, with all thy toys;
For thou hast been to me
A world of transitory joys,
Of sin and vanity.]

7 Now I rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin, and pain:
I know I'm washed in Jesus' blood,
And shall a crown obtain.

8 I'm going to my heavenly Friend,
My Jesus and my all;
He calls to take me to his arms;
I will obey the call.

437. *Tolling Bell.* L. M.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go,
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me!

438. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 WHY do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

439. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 PEACE!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our gracious God and Father, he,
(In Christ our bleeding Lord,)
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss his scourging hand,
And yield our comforts and our life
To his supreme command.

Judgment.

440. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll!
He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crowned,

Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

- 3 Shout, all ye armies of the sky,
And all ye saints of God most high!
Jesus, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

441. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear!
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear!
- 5 What!—to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly?
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

442. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

443. HYMN. C. M. *Fulton,*

- 1 ARISE and shine, O Zion fair!
Behold, thy Light is come!
Thy glorious, conq'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home!
The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free!
The day of wonder now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
The earth must know her doom;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold, the Judge is come!
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
Bid every star to disappear,
And turn the moon to blood!
- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear!

All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear!
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round,
And Gabriel, with a silver trump,
Echoes the awful sound.

- 4 The glorious news of Gospel grace
To sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more!
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love!

444. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account,
The blessings wasted here!
- 2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And from that hopeless world of wo,
No fugitive returns.
- 3 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er:
Oh, sinner, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more!

445. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar,
Soon must assembled worlds appear,
And every deed, and word, and thought,
Shall into judgment then be brought.

- 2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom
Of wrath, or endless joys, to come;
And each receive his just reward
Of bliss, or vengeance, from the Lord.
- 3 Dear Lord, it was thy highest joy
To save where sin did once destroy!
While thund'ring vengeance rolls above,
We trust in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Hail, God of unexampled grace,
All heaven shall sound thine endless praise!
High glories to the dying Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame!

446. *The final sentence.* S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
(And through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around,)
- 3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came!"
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven (before his face)
Astonished shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead—

Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

447. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders;
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the whole creation round!
How the summons, how the summons,
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say this God is mine!
Gracious Saviour, gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day of thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his look, prepared to flee!
Careless sinner, careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

Heaven.

448. *A sight of heaven in sickness.* C. M.

- 1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay;
Then groaned aloud, with frightened eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

- 2 But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profits too,
The joy o'ercomes the pain.
- 3 My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
- 4 Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.
- 5 Had but the prison walls been strong
And firm, without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.
- 6 But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear;
And something of the joy she feels,
While she's a prisoner here.

449. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That Time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.
- 3 There is a world—and oh how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;

And never did an angel guest,
One-half its blessedness unfold.

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 6 No!—for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own!
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne!

450. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 HEAV'N is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more.
- 2 Heaven is the home where spirits dwell,
Who wandered here awhile;
And, "seeing things invisible,"
Departed with a smile.
- 3 Heaven is the place where Jesus lives,
To plead his dying blood;
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude.
- 4 Heaven is the temple whither prayer
From saints on earth ascends;
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence
His influence descends.

- 5 Heaven is the dwelling-place of Joy,
The home of Light and Love,
Where Faith and Hope in rapture die!
There's perfect bliss above.

451. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers!
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from our's.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

452. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.
- 3 This is the Lord, th' ascended Lord,
Whom we (unseen) adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our heart shall love him more.
- 4 Lord, now our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God.
- 5 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

453. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above,—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
As his bright pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Hell.

454. HYMN. C. M. *Ryland.*

- 1 LORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
To "his own place" consigned,
What holy fear and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to Thee I too have been,
But saved by matchless grace!
Or else the lowest, hottest hell,
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudged,
And thitherward rushed on;
And there, in my eternal doom,
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo, (what wond'rous, matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the Gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.

- 5 A place is mine among the saints,
A place at Jesus' feet;
And I expect in heaven a place,
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sov'reign grace
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.

455. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 FAR from the utmost verge of day,
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play!
The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God—his angry breath—
Supplies and fans the fire!
Then sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't, expire!
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And wo and wrath, in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world indeed! Ah, who can bear
For ever there to dwell,
For ever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell?

456. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns;—earth, sea, all nature's frame,
Sink in one universal flame!

Where now, O where, shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See, rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie!
There, on the flaming billows tost,
For ever—O for ever—lost!

But saints, undaunted and serene,
With calmness view the dreadful scene:
Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

Jesus, the helpless creatures' friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

457. HYMN. C. M.

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead:
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.

There, endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;

- Tortured with keen despair, they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood,
For their past guilt atones;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bade my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love!

Dismissions.

458. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound!

459. HYMN. L. M.

Ha

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgiye;
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

460.

At Parting.

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O may thy special presence still
With every one remain!
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
(Bound with the cords of love,)
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.

461.

HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound:

May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay;
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

Doxology.

462. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

463. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

464. C. M.

THE God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death;
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,
 And new-creating Breath.

465. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son;
 And Spirit, be adored,

Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord. [known,

466. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Prayer Meeting.

467. HYMN. C. M. *Newton:*

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat;
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee;
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

468. HYMN. L. M. *Hart.*

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—Pray!
- 5 Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known!
Fear not—His merits must prevail!
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

469. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
Joyful to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears,
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

- 3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend;
And to their sorrows and complaints,
Will timely succor send.
- 4 Then blessed be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

470. *Exhortation to Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there!
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplications sent,
Your cheerful songs should oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

471-472 PRAYER MEETING.

471. *God sought in his house.* C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O give us hearts to pray!
- 3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.
- 4 Help us, with holy fear and joy;
To kneel before thy face;
And make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

472. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 LORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to Thee are known.
- 2 Thou knowest the language of the heart;
The meaning of a sigh:
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our prayers;
While we together meet:
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

473. HYMN. S. M. *Rippon.*

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes:
Thou mayest reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice:
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,
The Law was satisfied;
And now, to its most righteous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

474. HYMN. C. M. *Montgomery.*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

475-476 PRAYER MEETING.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

475. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, mighty Lord,
Jehovah is thy name!
Thy glories here will we record,
And sing thy wond'rous fame.
- 2 'Twas thy almighty power and love
Which called our souls from death;
O raise our hearts to thee above,
In praise, while we have breath.
- 3 Our faint attempts. Lord, kindly own,
And for us intercede;
Hear every sigh and every groan,
Which from our hearts proceed.
- 4 View every pained, throbbing heart,
That would but cannot pray;
Thy gracious liberty impart,
To teach them what to say.

476. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, let thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.

- 2 Often beset with shame or fear,
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusion interfere,
We scarce know what to say.
- 3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,
And Satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear t' engage.
- 4 Lord, let thy mighty power and love
Upon us be displayed;
O send thy Spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid!
- 5 Still, Lord, uphold us in thy strength,
And we'll go on in prayer,
Till we arrive in heaven at length,
To praise our Saviour there.

477. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the work the Lord commands,
And owns and honors too;
To Him we lift our hearts and hands;
And worship is his due.
- 2 Nor shall our labors be in vain,
In Christ our loving Lord,
Who will our faith and hope maintain,
According to his word.
- 3 Wait on him then, each praying soul,
And humbly trust his grace;
The happy end will crown the whole,
For you shall see his face.
- 4 There, to eternity you'll sing,
In raptures all divine,

The boundless glories of our King,
And like him ever shine.

478. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, attend our prayer,
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,
That thou in us mayest live.
- 2 In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.
- 3 Thou knowest every guest;
For liberty we groan;
We sigh in thee, our Lord, to rest;
And worship thee alone.
- 4 If trials vex our mind,
Close to thy wounds we'll flee;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in thee.
- 5 To thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On thee for future grace depend,
Our help in every need.

479. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord;
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.
- 2 May some sweet promise be applied,
When we attempt to read;

For this alone can give support
In all our times of need.

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise our drooping hearts,
That we may see thy smiling face,
Ere we from hence depart.

4 And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,
Be thou thyself so near,
If Satan fright our trembling souls,
Thy mercy may appear.

5 And now, O blessed Spirit, come!
We long to see thee move;
Our heart to tenderness melt down,
And fill the place with love.

480. HYMN. C. M.

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of redeeming grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go!"

481-482 PRAYER MEETING.

- 5 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

481. HYMN. S. M. *Newton.*

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
Thy promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold!
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 3 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine!

482. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

483. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 THE eye of God is every where,
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.
- 2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell, afford
A shelter from thy view.
- 3 The universe. in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.
- 4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent, holy love;
And fit us, by thy word of grace,
To worship thee above.

484.

HYMN. C. M.

Rynald.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes:
"Hinder me not!" shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not!" for I am bound
To thy Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not!" come, welcome Death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

485.

HYMN. L. M.

- 1 THE God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 3 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice—
'Tis Paradise!—if thou art mine.

486. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er!
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death;
He'll bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

487. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 2 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.
- 3 Give me some kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

488. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

489. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

490. "*Heavenly Home.*" C. M. *Murphy.*

- 1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And be conducted home!
- 4 I should at once have quit this field,
Where foes with fury foam;
But oh! my *passport* was not sealed!
I could not yet go home.
- 5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 6 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

491. *"Exultation."* P. M. *Reese,*

- 1 COME, all ye happy race,
 Who are ransomed by grace,
By the grace that is free for us all;
 Come and hear, come and feel,
 While with rapture I tell
What the Saviour has done for my soul!
- 2 In gross darkness I lay,
 Unto Satan a prey,
Nor the dangerous consequence feared;
 Not by rigor compelled,
 With delight did I yield,
Nor complained that his service was hard,
- 3 I rebelled against God,
 And went on in the road
That leads down to eternal despair!
 'Tis through mercy alone,
 That I am not undone!
'Tis amazing I yet am not there!
- 4 But Jehovah's command
 Put my soul to a stand,
By the gracious and powerful cry,
 "Sinners, turn unto me,
 For my mercy is free!
Turn—for why will you perish and die?"
- 5 His adorable grace
 Through my life I can trace,
And through scenes of affliction go on!
 With my Saviour in view,
 The high prize I pursue;
Nor shall I weary or faint when I run.

Miscellaneous.

492. Christmas. C. M.

- 1 WHILE humble shepherds watched their
 In Bethlehem's fields by night, [flocks
 An angel sent from heaven appeared,
 And filled the fields with light.
- 2 "Fear not," he said, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord!
 And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God—and thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace!
 Good will is shown by Heaven to men,
 And never more shall cease!"

493. The Lord's Prayer. S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now:
 Thy Name be hallowed far and near,
 To Thee all nations bow.

- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love!
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
- 6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done!

494. *Youth invited to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;

And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

495. *Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 GOD as our Father we proclaim;
The heavens are thine abode;
All hallowed be thy holy name,
Thou gracious, kind and good.
- 2 Thy kingdom, as the noon-day sun,
Wide o'er the world be given;
Thy will in all the earth be done,
As it is done in heaven.
- 3 And while permitted here to live,
Our daily bread bestow;
And all our trespasses forgive,
As we forgiveness show.
- 4 Lead us not into trials which
Thy servants cannot bear;
But send deliv'ring grace to each,
As evils do appear.
- 5 Thine is the kingdom, full of love,
And joy, and righteousness;
And thine the power which, from above,
Brings everlasting bliss.
- 6 Thine shall the glory also be,
While endless years endure;
And we will sing sweet hymns to Thee,
Both now and evermore.

496. *New-Year.* L. M. *Shoveller.*

- 1 BLEST be th' Eternal, Infinite,
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere;
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift revolving year.
- 2 Our race are falling every hour,
While we, distinguished, yet appear:
'Tis of thy matchless love and power,
That we are spared another year.
- 3 O for a sweet refreshing time!
Father, thy children wish thee near!
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.
- 4 Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly, filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace through every fleeting year.
- 5 [This truth impress on every soul,
That vast eternity is near,
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last, the closing year.
- 6 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here,
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never ending year.]

497. *New-Year.* C. M.

- 1 REMARK, with awe, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

- 2 So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's Judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, each trifling heart,
Its great concern to see!
That all may act the Christian part,
And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear the willing soul
To joy which never dies.

498. *Marriage.* C. M. *Berridge,*

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,

May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

499. *Temperance.* C. M.

- 1 O TAKE the maddening bowl away,
Remove the poisonous cup;
My soul is sick; its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up.
- 2 Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue;
O press it to thy lips!"
For 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips.
- 3 Say not, "It hath a spell to soothe
The soul in misery deep!"
Go, ask thy conscience if the bowl
Can give *eternal* sleep!
- 4 Go—I will have no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race;
But to a heavenly fountain flee,
And drink the dews of grace.

500. *Joining the Church of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak,
To Him we make our solemn vow,
(A vow we dare not break.)
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,

That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways!
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

501. *On opening a Church.* L. M.

- 1 THIS house, O Lord, for thee we raise!
Long may it echo to thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train;
While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 3 And in the great decisive day,
When Thou the nations shalt survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

502. *And the Truth shall make you free.* 7s.

- 1 WELCOME news the Gospel brings,
Welcome news from heaven above;
Tidings from the King of kings,
Tidings full of grace and love!
- 2 Oh, ye sons of men, give ear;
Listen to the "joyful sound!"
Better news ye cannot hear;
In the Gospel, truth is found;
- 3 Truth, that makes the simple wise;
Truth, on which the hungry feed;

Truth, the minister of joys;
 Truth, that makes us free indeed!

- 4 Welcome news the Gospel brings,
 Welcome to the poor and vile;
 Gladdened by these glorious things,
 Guilt and Poverty may smile!

503. HYMN. L. M. *Gibbons.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day,
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue!
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives;
 Whom none can love, whom none can
 Creation's blot, creation's blank! [thank;
- 4 But he who marks from day to day,
 In generous acts, his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

504. *Charity.* C. M. *Barbault.*

- 1 BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain!
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous
 A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth,

- And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe!
- 5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

505.

Christmas.

P. M.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!
'Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
'Traveller! yes—it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends!
'Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
'Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

506.

HYMN. P. M.

- 1 WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign—
There may we all meet again.

507.

HYMN. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;

Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God;
And we shall reign with thee!

508. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, we hail thee Israel's King,
And now to thee our tribute bring;
Nor do we fear to bow to thee;—
They worship God, who worship thee.
- 2 Hail, Israel's King, enthroned in light!
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when, by treach'rous friends betray'd,
Thy foes insulting homage paid.
- 3 Then did admiring angels see
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounce thee good;
And heaven and earth contrasted stood.
- 4 An object of contempt beneath,
And judged by men to suffer death;
By angels owned, admired, adored,
The great, the everlasting Lord.

- 5 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign;
Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
Let Israel's King his triumphs spread,
And crowns of glory wreath his head!

509. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Upon this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heaven thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue,
Thy boundless praise declare!
- 3 Thro' Thee, the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.
- 4 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'rous sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feeble light;
- 5 "What's man," say I, "that, Lord, thou
To keep him in thy mind? [lov'st
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind?
- 6 "Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordained with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign."

510. *To-day!* L. M.

- 1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun!
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run!
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done!
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun!

511. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad;
At home, my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

512. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

513. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 LET Avarice, from shore to shore,
Her idol, Wealth, pursue!
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are open to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

- 4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here, promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our num'rous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

514. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
'Thy people still are fed!
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace!
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

515. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 THERE'S no name among men or angels
 so bright, [light!
 As is the name of JESUS, the Father's de-
 The joy of his children! they speak of this
 name, [claim.
 And sweetly its praises in songs they pro-
- 2 In all Christian churches this name is ador'd,
 As their shield and glory, with cheerful ac-
 cord!
 And there 'tis declared the help of dis-
 tressed, [pressed.
 The hope of the hopeless, and ease of op-
- 3 The church of the first-born, with angels of
 light, [delight;
 Shall sound forth its praises with endless
 But fully unfolded it can be by none, [Son.
 Save Jesus, among them, the Father's own

516. *Sinner weighed and found wanting.* L. M.

- 1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
 Behold God's balance lifted high;
 There shall his justice be displayed,
 And there thy hope and life be weighed!
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law,
 Mark with what force its precepts draw!
 Wouldst thou the awful test sustain? [vain!
 Thy works, how light! thy thoughts, how
- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears,
 To trace in dreadful characters—
 "Sinner, thy soul is wanting found,
 And wrath shall smite thee to the ground!"

- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace,
Let horror change thy guilty face;
'Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale!
Still doth the Gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy power to save!
Deep on the heart these truths engrave!
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

517. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 LET not your hearts, with anxious thoughts;
Be troubled or dismayed;
But trust in God your Father's care,
And trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand;
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.
- 3 I go, your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare!
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your Friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with me!
There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.
- 5 I am the Way, the Truth, the Life!
No son of human race,

But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

518. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this, the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow!
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go!"
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill,
Illumè shall every land:
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer host encount'ring host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

519. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak;

- Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take his share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all you wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His Gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 5 His doctrine is almighty love!
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb!
- 6 O could we raise a song of praise
Half equal to his love,
The heavens would ring, while we would
Through all the courts above. [sing,

520. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod!
Ambitious view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious
They conquered every foe; [blood;
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honor owe.
- 4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heaven.

521. *The Law and Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 "CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
That doth one wilful sin commit!
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief, and infinite!"
- 2 Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things:
- 3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Dear purchased by a bleeding God!"
- 4 Hark, how he prays—(the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips)—"Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live!"
- 5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair!
- 6 But I'll retire beneath the cross;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;

And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by!

522. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 THE morning light returns,
The sun begins to shine;
Now let our souls in haste arise,
To run the race divine.
- 2 We praise the Father's love,
Who kept us through the night;
O may his kindness be our song,
His pleasure our delight!
- 3 While passing through this day,
Lord, we implore thy care,
To guide us on the heavenly way,
And guard from every snare.
- 4 And when our life shall close,
O may it be in peace!
May we lie down in sweet repose,
And wake in endless bliss.

523. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
Preserved, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 3 Let all our works and all our ways
Declare that we are thine,

That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

524. *New-Year.* 10, 5, 11.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue;
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay!
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The Millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near!

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to
O that each from his Lord [do!"]
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done, [throne!"]
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

525. HYMN. C. M.

1 YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;

And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

2 For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not!" the Saviour said,
And so he says to me.

3 Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

4 Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled:
O then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

5 For as so many years ago,
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

6 Then while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

526. *Sunday School.* C. M.

1 THY throne, O God, in righteousness
For ever shall endure!
We bow before it; deign to bless
Thy children evermore.

2 Thy wisdom fixed our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

- 3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gathered from the world, became
The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.
- 5 We praise thy Name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watched, and warned, and
The children of thy grace. [taught,
- 6 May all our friends and teachers here,
Meet all our souls above;
And we and they in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

527. *Zeal, true and false.* C. M.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear:
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,

If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view,
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do!"

6 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

528. *By grace are ye saved.* L. M.

1 SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But if I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin;
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
'Tis grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love;
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme;
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.

- 6 Through endless years of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly King;
I'll cast my crown before his throne,
And shout **FREE GRACE** to him alone.

529. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 **WHERE** two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise—
2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

530. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 **ANOTHER** day is past,
The hours for ever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.
2 My mind in perfect peace,
My Father's care shall keep!
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.
3 How blessed, Lord, are they,
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

531. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 ON Thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend!
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
(With his protection blest,)
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

532. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 CONVERTS to Christ's benignant sway,
Welcome to Zion's happy hill;
Welcome, where zealous hearts obey
One blessed law, Immanuel's will.
- 2 Welcome to Jesus' gentle reign,
Free from the foe's malignant eye;
For God has loosed the tyrant's chain,
And love's soft bands its place supply.
- 3 But stop—we have not reached our rest,
We're pilgrims through a hostile land;
Oft by the foe we're sorely prest,
And dangers frown on every hand.

- 4 Yet welcome to our conflict still;
 Danger has lost its deadly power;
 Immanuel's hand, with wond'rous skill,
 With victory crowns the final hour.
- 5 O welcome, then, to join the war,
 And welcome to the Christian's crown,
 The crown of life, which shines from far,
 But shines for loyal hearts alone!

Spiritual Songs.

533. HYMN. 11s.

- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word
 What more can he say, than to you he
 hath said—
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the
 sea, [shall be
 As thy days may demand, so thy success
- 3 "Fear not—I am with thee—O be not dis-
 mayed!" [aid
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
 thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
 shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply

The flame shall not hurt thee!—I only de-
sign [fine.

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

5 “E’en down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sov’reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their tem-
ples adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 “The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes; [pose,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I’ll never—no, never—no, never forsake!”

534. HYMN. P. M.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian!

Lo, we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him!

Angel-trumpets sound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

- 3 Four-and-twenty Elders rise
 From their princely station,
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation,
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 "Glory be to God alone!
 Holy, Holy, Holy One!"
- 4 Hark, the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, me thinks, to seize us!
 Join we to the holy lays,
 Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's songs,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung!
 Jesus! Jesus! flows along.

535. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 HOW painfully pleasing the fond recol-
 lection
 Of youthful connexion, and innocent joy
 When, blest with parental advice and af-
 fection, [on high,
 Surrounded with mercies and peace from
 I still view the chairs of my father and
 mother, [each hand:
 The seats of their offspring, as ranged on
 And the richest of books, which excels
 every other,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand—
 The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed
 Bible,
 The family Bible, that lay on the stand!

2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us de-
light; [invocation
And the prayers of our sire was a sweet
For mercy by day, and for safety at night;
And our hymns of thanksgiving, with har-
mony swelling, [band,
All warm from the hearts of the family
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling, [stand,
Described in the Bible that lay on the
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of enjoyment, long have we
been parted! [more!
My hope almost gone, and my parents no
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-
hearted,
And wander alone on a far distant shore!
Yet why should I doubt a dear Saviour's
protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O let me with patience receive his correc-
tion,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

536. HYMN. C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,

(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain!
I suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus done for me!
Before my raptured eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me mete,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

537. HYMN. C. P. M.

- 1 AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;

Eternal Truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo!"

2 When to the Law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again!"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again!"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare!
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again!"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move!
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love!

538. HYMN. C. M.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine!

539.

HYMN. 7s.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis the Saviour! hear his word!
Jesus speaks—and speaks to thee—
“Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?”
- 2 “I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 “Can a woman's tender care,
Cease toward the child she bare?

Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath!
Free and faithful—strong as death!

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
'That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

540. HYMN. P. M.

1 HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more

Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore!

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song!
O that more his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me!" I cried;
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!"

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptations, and pain!
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of the Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
Overwhelmed in the goodness of God.

541.

HYMN. C. M.

Stennett.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
With milk and honey flow. [vales,
4 All o'er those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

542. HYMN. 8s & 7s. *Robinson.*

- 1 COME, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land;
Come, unite, and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command!
Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more;
Come, unite—through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.
2 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free;

Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be!
Here's the Word, the grand criterion,
Which shall all our doctrine prove;
Christ, the centre of our union;
And the bond is Christian love.

- 3 Here's my hand, my heart, and spirit,
Now in fellowship I give;
Now we love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live!
Now we're one in Christ our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free;
Christ is All in All for ever;
And we're happy, Lord, in thee!

543. HYMN. C. M. *Watts,*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

544. HYMN. C. M. *Watts.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die!
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

545. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY! if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice!
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

- 2 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
For now He's waiting for the poor!
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 3 Ye dear young friends, for ruin bound,
Amidst the Gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Your sports, and all your glittering toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear!
Come, go with us;—your souls are dear.
- 5 Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 6 Come, you that love the blessed Lord,
And feel redemption in his blood,
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,
Till Jêsus come to call us home.

546. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again!
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

547. HYMN. C. M.

Watts.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands;
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

548. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 WHEN God his work revives,
And sinners learn his ways,
The saints are happy, and their lives
Are vocal in his praise.

- 2 Their ears rejoice to hear
 Poor sinners ask the way,
 That truth and justice can appear
 In mercy's bright display.
- 3 To God the Spirit's throne
 They raise their grateful songs:
 The glory of this work alone
 To his great power belongs.
- 4 Believing in the name
 Of Zion's glorious King,
 Behold, the happy converts claim
 Their place with saints to sing.

549. HYMN C. M. *Rippon.*

- 1 DEAR Lord, why should I doubt thy love,
 Or disbelieve thy grace?
 Sure thy compassions ne'er remove,
 Although thou hide thy face.
- 2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain;
 My drooping spirits cheered;
 And wilt thou not appear again,
 Where once thou hast appeared?
- 3 Hast thou not formed my soul anew,
 And told me, I am thine?
 And wilt thou now thy work undo,
 Or break thy word divine?
- 4 Dost thou repent? wilt thou deny
 The gifts thou hast bestowed?
 Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
 Which once so freely flowed?
- 5 Lord, let not groundless fears destroy
 The mercies now possesst!

I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

550. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts—I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose!
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace!
- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives!
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there!
- 6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die!"

551. HYMN. P. M. *Newton.*

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?

8 O drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore!
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

552. HYMN. P. M.

Hart.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore—
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him:
This he gives you!
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall—
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, (before he dies,)
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

- 6 Lo, the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood!
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude!
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

553. HYMN. 11s & 10s.

- 1 HAIL the blest morn when the great Me-
 diator,
 Down from the region of glory descends!
 Shepherds,—go worship the Lord in the
 manger!
 Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend!

CHORUS.

- 2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing, [aid!
 Shine on our darkness, and lend us your
 Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guides where the infant Redeemer was laid.
- 3 Lo, on his cradle the dew-drops were shin-
 ing; [stall!
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 Angels adore him, with slumbers reclining,
 Maker, Redeemer, and Saviour of all!
- 4 Say, shall we yield him, with costly devo-
 Odors of Eden, an offering divine? [tion,
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean; [mine?
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
- 5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure!

Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

554. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
 And cause me to ascend [grace,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths never end.
- 3 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;
 Him will I go and see;
 And all my brethren here below,
 Will soon come after me.
- 4 My friends, I bid you all adieu;
 I leave you in God's care;
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on—I'll meet you there.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand
 Bright shining as the sun, [years,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first begun.

555. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound!
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim!
The year, &c.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live!
- 4 The Gospel trumpet hear,
'The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!

556.

HYMN. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend!
As such I look to thee!
Now, in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me!
- 3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 4 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creatures' help all flee,
 Then, O my dear Redeemer God,
 I pray remember me!

557. HYMN. 7s.

- 1 'TIS Religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;
 'Tis Religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

558. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliv'rer sing:
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
 How holy and how plain;
 Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
 Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking serpent wound;
 Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
 Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.

5 March then in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts
While travelling up the hill.

559. HYMN. 8s, 7s. *Robinson.*

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home!
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood!

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart—O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

560. HYMN. L. M.

1 I'M glad that I am born to die;
From grief and wo my soul shall fly!

Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem!

- 2 I'll praise Him while he lends me breath;
I hope to praise Him after death;
I hope to praise Him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly!
- 3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home;
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day!
- 4 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
"My Jesus has done all things well!"
- 5 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be!

561. HYMN. L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my ever living Head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives to help in time of need;
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply;
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint;
He lives to hear my soul's complaint;

- 4 He lives to silence all my fears;
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart;
He lives, all blessings to impart;
- 5 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives—my Jesus—still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
“I know that my Redeemer lives!”

562. *An emblem of man.* P. M.

- 1 HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain doom,
Learn with me your fate to-morrow—
Dead—perhaps laid in the tomb!
See all nature fading, dying;
Silent, all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mould’ring urn.
- 2 Lo, in yonder forest standing,
Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature, how surprising,
Read in nature, nature’s God!
While the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
Annually our friends are dropping;
We are like to one of these.
- 3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
What to me is autumn’s treasure,
Since I know no earthly joy?

Long have I lost all youthful pleasure;
Time will health and youth destroy.

- 4 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night;
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing;
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

563. *Mourning Souls.* 7s, 6s.

- 1 MOURNING souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious:
If in Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him,
Brings salvation from on high;
Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs the healing lotion;
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean;
See the healing waters move
For the sick and dying!
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

564. *Religion—what is it?* 8s.

- 1 'TIS not to go to church to-day,
To look devout, and seem to pray;

While to be fine is all our care,
And we forget that God is there.

2 'Tis not to mark out rules to walk,
Or of our own good deeds to talk,
And then to love a secret crime,
And to mis-spend and waste our time.

3 'Tis not to wear the Christian's dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
Then treat with scorn the suffering poor,
And fast against them close your door.

4 Religion! 'tis the rule of life,
The bond of love, the bane of strife:
This is its rule—"To others do,
As you would have them do to you!"

565. HYMN. S. M.

Watts.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below!
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

- 5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

566. HYMN. 6s & 7s.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I'm a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly!
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;

And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
And if you lack of knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request!
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

567. HYMN. 8s, 7s. *Robinson.*

- 1 LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of Eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise!
- 2 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 3 For thy Providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

- 4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
- 5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die!

568. HYMN. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

569. HYMN. L. M. *Cennick.*

- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone.
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's high way of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I did not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul—I am the Way!"
- 5 Lo, glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am!
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found!
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"

570. HYMN. C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;

Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly;
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind;
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy waves,
 And leave the world behind.

- 2 While I'm imprisoned here below,
 In anguish, pain, and smart,
 Sometimes those troubles I forego,
 When love surrounds my heart:
 In darkest shadows of the night,
 Faith mounts the upper sky:
 I then behold my heart's delight,
 And would rejoice to die.
- 3 I view the monster Death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting:
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing:
 I hold my Saviour in my arms,
 And will not let him go;
 I'm so delighted with his charms,
 No other good I know.

571. HYMN. 6s & 8s.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears:
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears!
 Before the throne my Surety stands;
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;

His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead!
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
“Forgive him—O forgive!” they cry;
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die.”

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One!
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son!
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard’ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear!
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

572. HYMN. C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy there.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reached out, I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

- 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O gracious hope!)
Of immortality.
- 4 With me I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant Paradise.
- 5 My earth thou water'st from on high,
But make it all a pool:
"Spring up, O Well!" I ever cry;
"Spring up within my soul."
- 6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

573. HYMN. 8s & 6s.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant, with our Head.

574. HYMN. C. P. M.

- 1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper, as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, 'midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die."
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

575. HYMN. 8s, 7s. *Burden.*

- 1 HARK, the voice of Love and Mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly pleasures, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished—all that God had promised!
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

576. HYMN. P. M.

- 1 WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
 Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
 Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
 And would not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No—I'm bound for the kingdom!
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah! O Hallelujah!

- 2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly called me,
 Passing through a waste so wide;

But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.

3 Such a guide!—No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends!
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Then would not thy courage fail?

6 No—that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.

7 While I gazed (with love surprising)
Down the stream, one plunged from
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Like an angel clothed in white.

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